



MANHUNTER!



Adventure **COMICS**

APRIL

10¢





No. 73

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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

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KNIGHT OF THE REVOLUTION

By **Sidney W. Dean**

Mac Rae Smith

Why was Francis Marion called "The Swamp Fox of the American Revolution?" Here is the exciting story of his life, beginning with his rescue, more dead than alive, from the open boat in which he had barely escaped from a ship wrecked at sea.

He was sixteen then, but he was through with the sea and went back to his free and pleasant life on his Carolina plantation. Then came the outbreak of war—war with the Cherokee Indians—war with torch and tomahawk.

Marion fought, but he hated this fighting for he believed that the Indians had been provoked into war by the unwise acts of the Colonial governor. He was glad when the war was over and he could go back to his plantation. But a life of peace was not to be his for long.

For the Colonies were lining up to fight for their freedom from England, and Marion raised and trained a fighting brigade of "irregulars."

How they harassed the British troops by their audacious raids and lightning strokes, how they evaded pursuit in their own familiar Carolina swamps, and how the victorious Swamp Fox rose to the rank of General, makes a thrilling tale of patriotism and hard fighting.

This is a new book about our American War of Independence.

Your local library will have it soon. Make a note to ask your librarian for it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

**RSXLMRK MW WS TV ICMSYW EW PMJL
PMFIVXC ERH XLI TYWYMX SJ LETTMRIWV**

★ STARMAN

by
JACK
BURNLEY

THE CASE
OF THE
MURDERS
IN OUTER
SPACE!

HOW CAN A
DEAD MAN
MOVE 3000
MILES IN
THREE HOURS?
A FORTUNE
HANGS IN THE
BALANCE AS
STARMAN
SOLVES THE
RUPUL SECRET
OF THE
MOVING
CORPSE!

AS THE
EERIE
SEA FOG
DRIFTS IN
ON THE
SAN
FRANCISCO
WATERFRONT
A PATROLMAN
MAKES A
GRUESOME
DISCOVERY!

A DEAD
MAN!

AROUND THE CORNER OF A NEARBY SHED-

THAT WAS
EASY
MONEY!

YEAH—JUST FOR
TAKING A STIFF OUT
OF A CYLINDER
AND DUMPING
HIM ON
THE DOCKS!

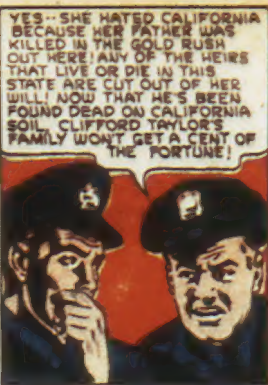
HURRY! THE
BOSS
SAID
TO GET
RID OF
THIS
ROCKET
BEFORE
THE COPS
FIND
IT!

THE TWO
MEN
LIFT A
LARGE
ROCKET
INTO A
WAITING
TRUCK-



HEY, MIKE!
THIS IS
CLIFFORD
TAYLOR HEIR
TO HETTY
TAYLOR'S
MILLIONS!

SAY! WASN'T
THERE SOMETHING
IN OLD HETTY'S
WILL ABOUT HER
SONS DYING
HERE IN CALIFORNIA?



YES-- SHE HATED CALIFORNIA
BECAUSE HER FATHER WAS
KILLED IN THE GOLD RUSH
OUT HERE! ANY OF THE HEIRS
THAT LIVE OR DIE IN THIS
STATE ARE CUT OUT OF HER
WILL! NOW THAT HE'S BEEN
FOUND DEAD ON CALIFORNIA
SOIL, CLIFFORD TAYLOR'S
FAMILY WON'T GET A CENT OF
THE FORTUNE!



RADIO CARRIES THE NEWS OF THE
STRANGE DEATH ACROSS THE CONTINENT!

HEAR THE LATEST,
ALLEN? CLIFFORD
TAYLOR HAS JUST
BEEN FOUND DEAD
IN SAN FRANCISCO!

WHAT? THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! I
SAW HIM HERE IN
NEW YORK ONLY
A FEW HOURS
AGO! HE WAS ON
HIS WAY TO THE
HUNT CLUB
RACES
IN LONG
ISLAND!



THIS TELEPHOTO
PROVES THAT THE
DEAD MAN IS
CLIFFORD TAYLOR!
YET HOW COULD
HE BE ALIVE IN
N.Y. AND DEAD
IN CALIFORNIA
THREE
HOURS
LATER
?



CHIEF WOODLEY ALLEN, F.B.I.
ACE, TAKES A SMALL GLASS
VIAL FROM HIS POCKET AND
UNSCREWS THE METAL CAP!

THE RADIO-ACTIVE WAVES FROM
THIS VIAL WILL SUMMON
STARMAN!



MEANWHILE--DORIS LEE PAYS A VISIT TO THE
ESTATE OF HER FIANCE, WEALTHY TED KNIGHT--

OH, TED--I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE DECIDED TO
RIDE FLEETWING IN THE HUNT CLUB
RACES THIS AFTERNOON! HE'S SUCH A
WONDERFUL HORSE, I'M SURE
YOU'LL WIN!

WELL, I HOPE I
DON'T HAVE ONE
OF MY SICK
SPELLS DURING
THE RACE!



YED'S GREAT THOROUGHBREED,
FLEETWING, IS VANNED OFF TO THE
NEARBY HUNT CLUB COURSE!

THAT AFTERNOON DORIS VIEWS THE HUNT CLUB RACES FROM A BOX WITH JIM TAYLOR, AND HIS FATHER, COLONEL MATT TAYLOR, THE NEXT HEIR TO THE HETTY TAYLOR FORTUNE

JIM AND I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM KENTUCKY TO SEE TED'S HORSE, FLEETWING, RUN IN THIS STEEPLE-CHASE!

TED'S GOING TO RIDE FLEETWING HIMSELF! I'M SO THRILLED!

--BUT AS TED PREPARES TO MOUNT HIS HORSE--

(THE GRAVITY ROD IS VIBRATING! I MUST ANSWER ALLEN'S CALL IMMEDIATELY! I'LL FAKE A FALL!)

THE BIG RACE IS ON! THE HORSES LEAP OVER THE FIRST HURDLE--

COME ON, FLEETWING!

HE'S THE FAVORITE!

HERE COMES FLEETWING-- OH! TED'S FALLING OVER THAT EASY HURDLE!

POOR TED! I'LL GO AND SEE IF HE'S HURT!

YEEOW! (THIS FALL WILL GIVE ME A GOOD EXCUSE TO LEAVE IN A HURRY!)

AS TED IS CARRIED OFF THE TRACK--

OH-H-H! THAT WAS A NASTY FALL! I'M PRETTY BADLY SHAKEN UP! CARRY ME TO THE CLUB-HOUSE SO I CAN LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE!

HEY, COLONEL! HELP ME WITH THIS CHAP! HE'S ALL IN!

MAYBE TED HAD ONE OF HIS SICK SPELLS--OH, HELLO, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR MORGAN!

GOOD AFTERNOON, FOLKS! TED KNIGHT JUST COST ME A SMALL FORTUNE! I WAS BETTING ON FLEETWING TO WIN!

THEY SAY HE'S USING STATE FUNDS, AND THAT UNLESS HE CAN GET BACK PLENTY OF FUNDS TO THE STATE TREASURY IN A HURRY, HE'LL GO TO JAIL! THE WORST OF IT IS, HE'S A DISTANT COUSIN OF OURS!

I'VE HEARD THAT HE'S QUITE A GAMBLER!

PRETENDING TO BE SHAKEN UP BY HIS FALL, TED KNIGHT RETURNS TO A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE CLUBHOUSE—AND CHANGES INTO HIS STARMAN COSTUME! THEN—

COSMIC RAYS FROM THE STARS CONCENTRATED IN THE GRAVITY FOD ENABLE ME TO SOAR THROUGH SPACE!

ALLEN GREETS STARMAN AT THEIR SECRET MEETING PLACE!

WHAT'S UP THIS TIME, ALLEN?

A WEIRD DEATH INVOLVING THE HETTY TAYLOR FORTUNE!

AFTER THE G-MAN TELLS HIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLING, STARMAN AGAIN TAKES TO THE AIR!

CLIFFORD TAYLOR WAS ALIVE IN NEW YORK, AND THREE HOURS LATER—DEAD IN CALIFORNIA! NOW HIS BROTHER, COL. MATT TAYLOR, INHERITS THE MONEY!

SOUNDS LIKE MURDER! I'LL FLY TO 'FRISCO AND EXAMINE THE CORPSE!

WHILE BACK AT THE RACE COURSE—

MY BROTHER CLIFF HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD IN CALIFORNIA! THAT MEANS I INHERIT HIS MONEY—I'VE GOT TO LEAVE AT ONCE!

UNCLE CLIFF—DEAD?

OH!

AFTER THE COLONEL HURRIES OFF, JIM TAYLOR AND DORIS WALK TOWARD THE CLUBHOUSE—A LURKING FIGURE WATCHES THEM—

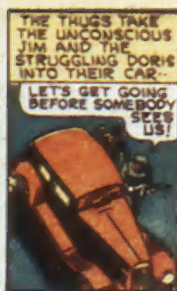
THAT'S THE GUY—I'LL GIVE THE BOYS THE SIGNAL!

JIM! LOOK OUT!

HELP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, JIM IS ATTACKED BY BURLY THUGS WHO LEAP FROM A WAITING CAR.

QUICK! GET HIM INTO THE CAR!





WHAT! THOSE FIENDS ARE THROWING
A GIRL TO HER
DEATH!--IT'S
DORIS!

EEEE!

ACTING WITH THE BLINDING
SPEED OF LIGHT, STARMAN
SWOOPS DOWN AND CATCHES
THE DOOMED GIRL JUST A
FRACTION OF SECOND
BEFORE SHE HITS
THE GROUND--

MADE IT!
THEY'RE FIRING
AT US, BUT THEY
CAN'T HIT SUCH A
FAST-MOVING
TARGET!



AFTER THEY LAND SAFELY--

YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT
NOW--
WHO WAS
IN THAT
CAR?

OH--IT WAS
AWFUL--THREE
THUGS JUST
KIDNAPPED JIM
TAYLOR--THEY
HAVE
HIM
IN THE
CAR!

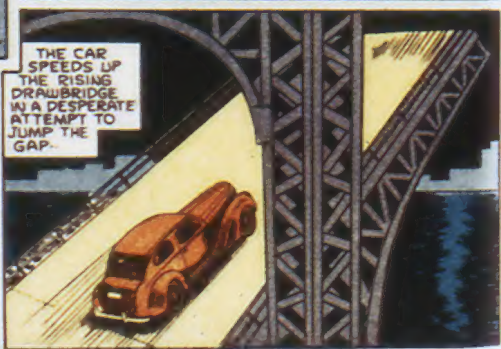
STARMAN
HAILS A
CAR
HEADING
BACK TO
GOTHAM
AND THE
DRIVER
AGREES TO
DROP
DORIS
OFF AT
HER HOME.
--THEN--



I'VE GOT TO CATCH
THE THUGS' CAR--
I SEE IT--HEADING
FOR THAT DRAWBRIDGE--
THE BRIDGE IS OPENING!

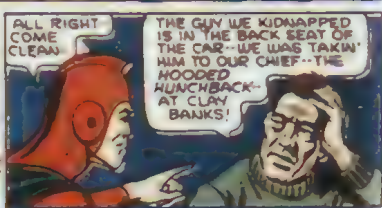


THAT GUY IN RED WILL GET US
IF WE STOP! KEEP
GOIN'!



THE CAR
SPEEDS UP
THE RISING
DRAWBRIDGE
IN A DESPERATE
ATTEMPT TO
JUMP THE
GAP.







WHERE AM I? UP IN THE AIR! HELP! I'LL FALL!

YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS!

STARMAN CARRIES HIM UP INTO THE AIR.

BUT ONE OF THE BATTERED THUGS RECOVERS AND SPEAKS INTO A PORTABLE SHORT-WAVE SET STRAPPED TO HIS WAIST--

HELLO-CHIEF-I WANT TO WARN YOU THAT STARMAN IS ON HIS WAY OUT THERE BE ON YOUR GUARD



MEANWHILE--IN AN OLD, ABANDONED FORTRESS OFF THE MAIN ROAD AT CLAY BRACKS, NEW JERSEY A WIDEJAWED HOODED HUNCHBACK GIVES ORDERS TO A CRONY



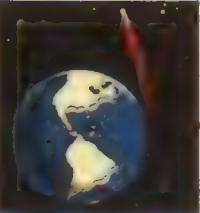
FOLLOW ME, RABBIT! WE MUST PREPARE THE ROCKET GUN FOR MY NEXT VICTIM!

THE HUNCHBACK LEADS HIS ACCOMPLICE INTO A ROOM WITH A CIRCULAR OPENING IN THE ROOF



I NEVER THOUGHT THAT MY DABBLINGS IN SPACE MATHEMATICS AND ROCKET GUN STATISTICS WOULD DEVELOP SOMETHING AS VALUABLE AS THIS!

THIS SPACE GUN FIRES A ROCKET OUT INTO SPACE THE EARTH TURNS BENEATH IT AT THE RATE OF 1000 MILES AN HOUR-- WHEN THE ROCKET FALLS BACK TO EARTH, IT LANDS THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THE POINT OF DISCHARGE DUE TO THE EARTH'S TURNS ON ITS AXIS!



YOU'RE A GENIUS, CHIEF!

I HAVE THE ARC OF THE ROCKET FIGURED SO THAT ITS JOURNEY INTO OUTER SPACE AND BACK TAKES THREE HOURS! THUS IT LANDS 3000 MILES AWAY IN CALIFORNIA!





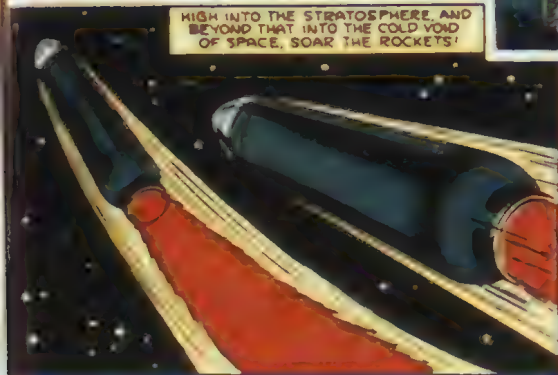


WE BOUND STARMAN WITH CHAINS JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT HE CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THE CYLINDER!

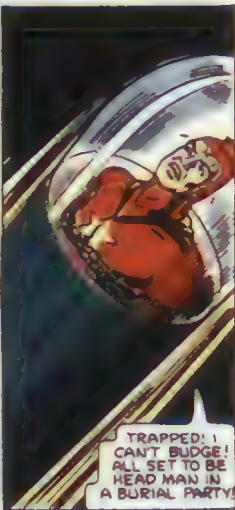
FINE! FINE! THE MAN OF NIGHT WILL DIE UP AMONG THE STARS THAT GAVE HIM HIS POWER!



THE CYLINDER, WITH STARMAN WITHIN, IS PLACED IN THE GUN AND AGAIN THE GREAT CANNON ROARS!



HIGH INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AND BEYOND THAT INTO THE COLD VOID OF SPACE, SOAR THE ROCKETS!



TRAPPED! I CAN'T BUDGE! ALL SET TO BE HEAD MAN IN A BURIAL PARTY!



IN THE FORTRESS MILES BELOW THE HURTLING ROCKETS, JIM TAYLOR HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE HUNCHBACK'S BODY GUARDS!

LOOK WHO WE FOUND OUTSIDE!

JIM TAYLOR! SO YOU DIDN'T ESCAPE US AFTER ALL! INTO THE GUN WITH HIM!

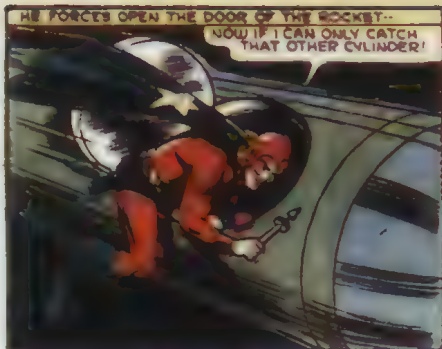


IN SPACE BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITY THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS OF THE ROCKETS CAUSE THEM TO START DOWNWARD--

IN HIS ROCKET, STARMAN FINDS THAT FREED OF THE GREAT GRAVITY PULL OF EARTH, HIS MUSCLES ARE A THOUSAND TIMES MIGHTIER THAN NORMAL

I'VE BROKEN THE CHAINS!





HE FORCES OPEN THE DOOR OF THE ROCKET--

NOW IF I CAN ONLY CATCH
THAT OTHER CYLINDER!



(GASP) THE FIRST FLYING TACKLE
OF A ROCKET EVER
MADE! NOW TO SAVE
ITS OCCUPANT!



THERE'S THE EARTH'S
ATMOSPHERE BELOW
(GASP)--IF I ONLY
MAKE IT IN TIME!

AAAGH!
I CAN'T
BREATHE!



I'VE
GOT TO
HOLD MY
BREATH--
THERE'S
NO AIR
UP
HERE!

A STRANGE
CHASE IN
THE VOID
OF OUTER
SPACE!
STARMAN
RACING
A ROCKET!



COLONEL
TAYLOR!

SAVE
ME!



THEY REACH THE LIFE-GIVING AIR JUST
AS THEIR LUNGS ARE ABOUT TO BURST--
THEN THE ROD SPEEDS THEM DOWN TO
EARTH NEAR THE OLD FORT!

(COUGH)
THAT
FIENDISH
HUNCH-
BACK!

TAKE IT
EASY, CO-
TAYLOR--I--
GET HIM THE
TIME

INSIDE THE FORT THE HOODED HUNCHBACK PREPARES TO FIRE JIM TAYLOR INTO SPACE!

FAREWELL, LAST OF THE TAYLORS! YOUR FATHER'S AND STARMAN'S BODIES WILL BE FOUND IN CALIFORNIA... AND YOURS NEAR THEM!

HE PULLS THE SWITCH, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS! THE BASE OF THE ROCKET HAS MELTED, FUSING IT TO THE GUN BARREL!

W-WHAT! THE METALS ARE FUSED TOGETHER! THE ROCKET IS PART OF THE SPACE GUN ITSELF!

STARMAN STEPS FROM BEHIND A PILLAR-

YES! THE STELLAR POWER OF MY ROD MELTED THE METALS AND FUSED THEM! YOU!

HELP! BODY-GUARDS!

A QUICK LUNGE DISARMS THE HUNCHBACK!

SO! THE HOODED HUNCHBACK TURNS OUT TO BE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR MORGAN... WITH A PILLOW ON HIS BACK!

NO USE YELLING FOR HELP! I'VE ALREADY BELTED OUT ALL YOUR CRONIES!

LATER, STARMAN BIDS FAREWELL TO THE TAYLORS...

MORGAN CONFESSES, AFTER STARMAN FREES JIM!

HAD GAMBLED AWAY STATE FUNDS, SO I PLANNED TO SAVE MY NECK BY DISPOSING OF MY RELATIVES. THE TAYLORS THEN I'D HAVE INHERITED THE TAYLOR FORTUNE!

MORGAN! DISGUISED AS A HUNCHBACK!

CALL THE POLICE, JIM!

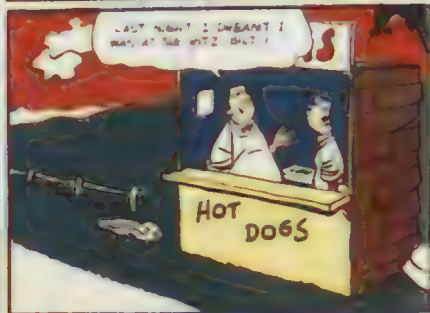
THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED FOR MORGAN! WE OWE OUR LIVES TO STAR-MAN!

DON'T MENTION IT!

THANKS A MILLION, STARMAN!

THE END

SMILES



WHAT A CAST!

THE SPECTRE

AQUAMAN

DR. FATE

JOHNNY QUICK

and THE GREEN ARROW

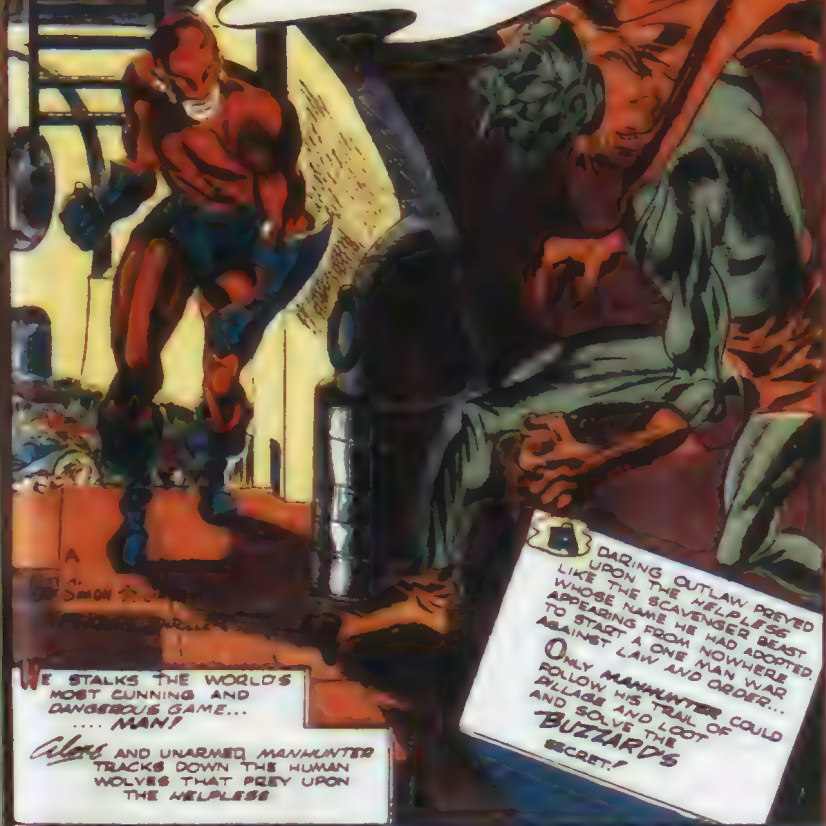
SMASH THROUGH ONE
THRILLING ADVENTURE
AFTER ANOTHER

IN EVERY
ISSUE
OF



MANHUNTER

AND THE SECRET
OF THE **BUZZARD'S**
REVENGE



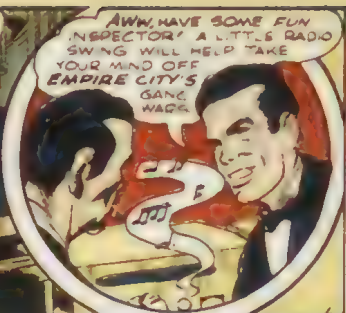
WE STALKS THE WORLD'S
MOST CUNNING AND
DANGEROUS GAME...
.... MAN!

Alas AND UNARMED MANHUNTER
TRACKS DOWN THE HUMAN
WOLVES THAT PREY UPON
THE HELPLESS

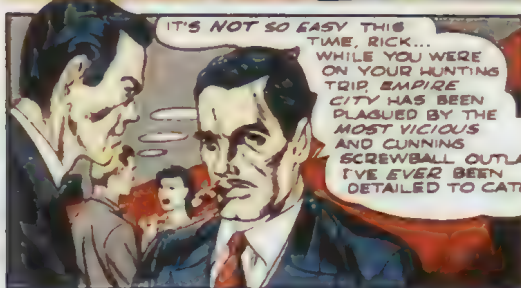
DARING OUTLAW PREYED
UPON THE HELPLESS
LIKE THE SCAVENGER BEAST
WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED.
APPEARING FROM NOWHERE
TO START A ONE MAN WAR
AGAINST LAW AND ORDER...
ONLY MANHUNTER COULD
FOLLOW HIS TRAIL OF
PILLAGE AND LOOT
AND SOLVE THE
BUZZARD'S
SECRET!

RICK NELSON, WEALTHY YOUNG SPORTSMAN CELEBRATES HIS RETURN FROM AN AFRICAN HUNTING TRIP BY ENTERTAINING SOME CLOSE FRIENDS AT HIS FASHIONABLE APARTMENT!

NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME RICK! A LITTLE RELAXATION CERTAINLY HELPS A MAN WHO'S BEEN UNDER A STRAIN.



AWW, HAVE SOME FUN, INSPECTOR! A LITTLE RADIO SWING WILL HELP TAKE YOUR MIND OFF EMPIRE CITY'S GANG WARS.



IT'S NOT SO EASY THIS TIME, RICK... WHILE YOU WERE ON YOUR HUNTING TRIP, EMPIRE CITY HAS BEEN PLAGUED BY THE MOST VICIOUS AND CUNNING SCREWBALL OUTLAW I'VE EVER BEEN DETAILED TO CATCH!



WAIT, RICK! LISTEN!

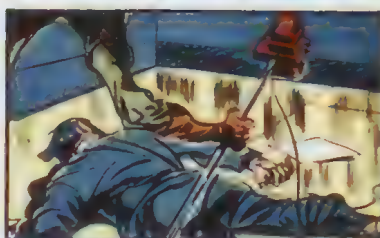
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM WITH A NEWS FLASH!



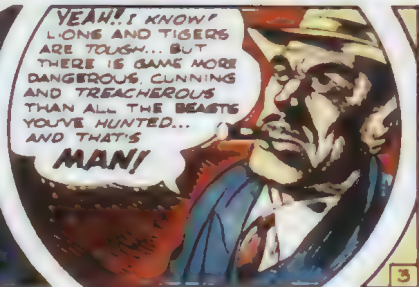
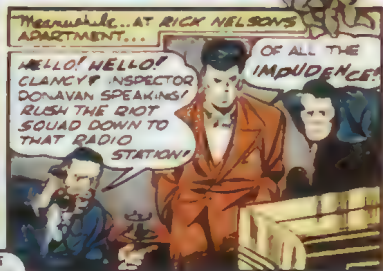
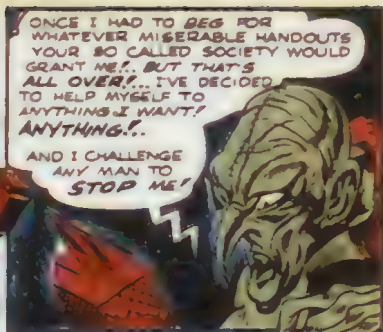
THE NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL, KNOWN AS THE "BUZZARD" HAS BEEN SEEN IN THIS VICINITY! THE POLICE HAVE WARNED ALL CITIZENS TO BE ON THEIR GUARD... THE BUZZARD IS.....



UGH!



...IS SMARTER THAN ANY COPPER THAT DARES TO COME LOOKING FOR HIM!





NOW THERE'S
REAL EXCITEMENT!
...AND ALL IN
THE CAUSE OF
JUSTICE!



YOU MIGHT
START WITH
THE BUZZARD.
—ES AS
SUPPER AND
DEADLY A BIRD
AS YOU CAN
FIND!

RICK RETURNS
TO HIS GUESTS
— BUT HIS
THOUGHTS ARE
FAR FROM THE
PARTY
AS HE
GRASPS
THE
FULL
MEANING
OF
THE
INSPECTOR'S
WORDS
!



RICK! WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN?
I'VE SIMPLY GOT
TO HAVE
THIS
DANCE
WITH
YOU!

HUNT... ON..
...ON IT'S A
PLEASURE,
GLORIA.



YOU
DANCE
DIVINELY,
RICK!

THANKS, GLORIA.
IF ONE
CAN HUNT
THE BEASTS
OF THE
JUNGLE...

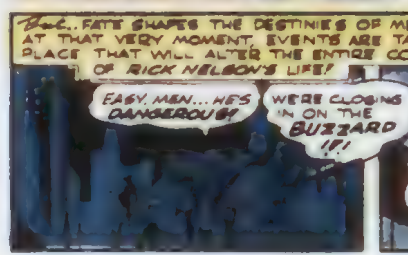


... WHY NOT
THE BEASTS
OF
CIVILIZATION
?



BRAM! WHAT
FANTASTIC
THOUGHTS!

COME ON,
GLORIA.
GET IN
THE
GROOVE!



But... FATE SHAPES THE DESTINIES OF MEN... FOR
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, EVENTS ARE TAKING
PLACE THAT WILL ALTER THE ENTIRE COURSE
OF RICK NELSON'S LIFE!

EASY, MEN... HE'S
DANGEROUS!

WE'RE CLOSING
IN ON THE
BUZZARD
!!

NO.. NO..
THE FOOLS
THINK THEY
TRACKED ME
HERE.. IF THEY
ONLY KNEW I
PURPOSELY
LED THEM
HERE!

THE BUZZARD SUDDENLY BOLTS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE... HIS CAPE FLAPPING LIKE GIANT WINGS!

THERE HE GOES!
OPEN FIRE!

HIS FLYING BODY AVOIDING THE LEADEN FIRE, THE BUZZARD SCALES A BUILDING WALL TO A HIGH TOWER ABOVE!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME BUZZARD... YOU CAN'T FLY DOWN!

COME AND GET ME COPPER!

WE'VE GOT HIM CORNERED, CHIEF!

Unnoticed... BY THE ADVANCING POLICE, THE TALONED FINGERS OF THE BUZZARD PRESS INWARD ON A LOOSE BRICK IN THE WALL BEHIND HIM AND PRESS A HIDDEN SWITCH!

THE ROOF FLOOR SUDDENLY GIVES WAY BENEATH THE POLICE... SENDING THEM PLUNGING DOWN A HUGE, DARKENED SHAFTWAY!

NOW LET'S SEE YOU BOYS FLY DOWN!
HA-NA-NA
HA-NA...

YOU SAPS! WHILE YOUR WHOLE FORCE WAS CHASING ME MY MEN ROBBED A BANK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!

LATER... THE DREADFUL NEWS IS SHOUTED THROUGHOUT EMPIRE CITY!

EXTRY! EXTRY!...
INSPECTOR DONAVAN
AND MEN KILLED BY
BUZZARD!
EXTRY!
!!!



DONAVAN... DEAD!
KILLED BY THE
BUZZARD!

EXTRA
!!!



I'LL TAKE UP THE TRAIL ...
DONAVAN! I'LL
TRACK HIM
DOWN... AND
SIT HIM DOWN
ON THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR, MYSELF!

SCREAMING
HEADLINES
CONTINUE
THE STORY
OF NEW
BUZZARD
ATTACKS...
... BUT...
ONE STORY
BEHIND
THE SCENES
IS NOT
TOLD...
THE STORY
OF THE
COMING OF
MANHUNTER
!!

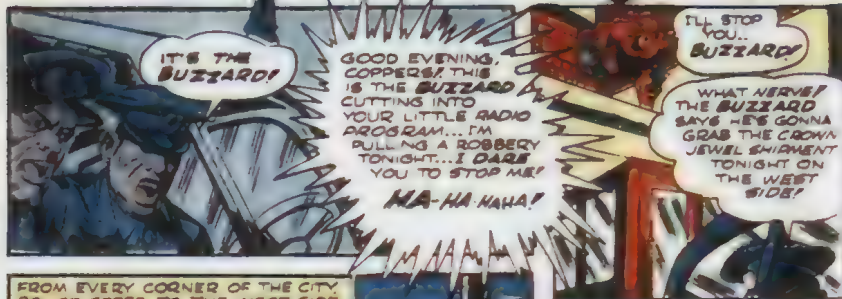


OKAY
MISTER
BUZZARD!
.....
THE CHASE
IS ON!



A DRAGNET HAS BEEN THROWN
AROUND THE CITY... ON EVERY
CORNER IS A FIGURE IN BLUE!

KEEP TUNED IN, CLANCY..
THE BUZZARD MAY
TRY SOME TRICKS TONIGHT



IT'S THE
BUZZARD!

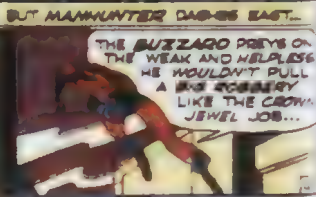
GOOD EVENING,
COPPER! THIS
IS THE BUZZARD!
CUTTING INTO
YOUR LITTLE RADIO
PROGRAM... I'M
PULLING A ROBBERY
TONIGHT... I DARE
YOU TO STOP ME!

HA-HA-HAHA!

I'LL STOP
YOU..
BUZZARD!

WHAT NERVE!
THE BUZZARD
SAYS HE'S GONNA
GRAB THE CROWN
JEWEL SHIPMENT
TONIGHT ON
THE WEST
SIDE!

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE CITY,
POLICE SPEED TO THE WEST SIDE
WATERFRONT!



BUT MANHUNTER DARES EAST...

THE BUZZARD PREYS ON
THE WEAK AND HELPLESS.
HE WOULDN'T PULL
A BIG ROBBERY
LIKE THE CROWN
JEWEL JOB...



THE HUMAN BLOODHOUND
PREFERS THE BACK
TRAIL... WHERE
DEATH LURKS IN
EVERY SHADOW!

THIS MAN
IS CRAZY
ENOUGH TO
REALLY ADOPT
THE HABITS
OF THE BIRD
OF PREY!
HE IMITATES!



Horribly DOWN THE STREET!...
BUT I'M TELLING
YOU I SAW IT!

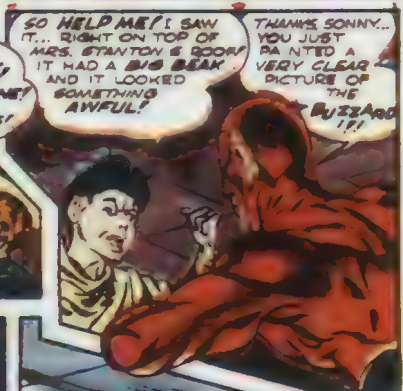
YER DARTY... I NEVER
HOID OF BOLD AS
BIS AS A MAN!

YEAH
!!



WHERE DID YOU SEE THE
BIRD SONNY?
WHAT DID HE
LOOK LIKE?

JEEPERS!
ANOTHER ONE!
NOW WE'RE ALL
SEEING THINGS!



SO HELP ME! I SAW
IT... RIGHT ON TOP OF
MRS. STANTON'S ROOF!
IT HAD A BIG BEAK...
AND IT LOOKED
SOMETHING
AWFUL!

THANKS SONNY...
YOU JUST
PAINTED A
VERY CLEAR
PICTURE OF
THE
BUZZARD
!!



THE BUZZARD IN
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
???



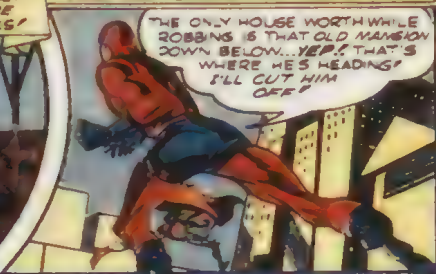
I'LL WAIT FOR
YOU TO SHOOP
MISTER BUZZARD!
I'LL GIVE YOU JUST
ENOUGH ROPE TO
HOGTIE
YOURSELF!

THERE HE
GOES!

THE ELUSIVE AND AGILE **BUZZARD** STREAKS TOWARD THE SCENE OF HIS NEXT COME BUT HE IS UNAWARE THAT ONE WHO IS EVEN MORE AGILE AND ELUSIVE IS CLOSE ON HIS TRACKS!



MANHUNTER SUDDENLY ABANDONS THE TRAIL AND FOLLOWS A DIFFERENT COURSE!



THE ONLY HOUSE WORTHWHILE ROBBING IS THAT OLD MANSION DOWN BELOW... YEP! THAT'S WHERE HE'S HEADING! I'LL CUT HIM OFF!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE **BUZZARD** REACHES THE OLD MANSION AND CAUTIOUSLY ENTERS ITS GLOOMY INTERIOR!

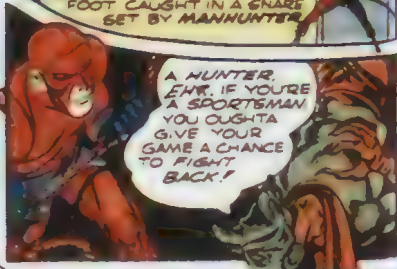


THE **BUZZARD** IS SUDDENLY SWEEPED INTO THE AIR... HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN A SNARE SET BY **MANHUNTER**!

WELL WELL... WELL! LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT IN MY LITTLE TRAP! **MANHUNTER**'S THE NAME... I COLLECT **BUZZARDS**!!



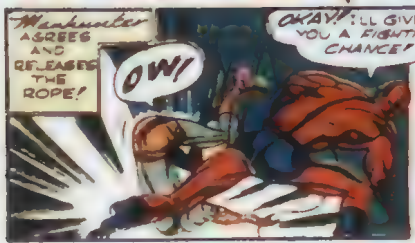
A HUNTER, EHR. IF YOU'RE A SPORTSMAN YOU OUGHTA GIVE YOUR GAME A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK!



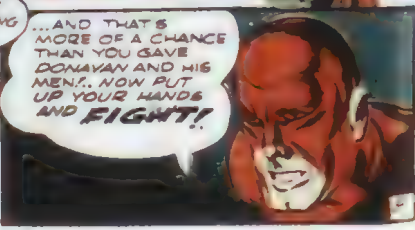
Manhunter AGREES AND RELEASES THE ROPE!

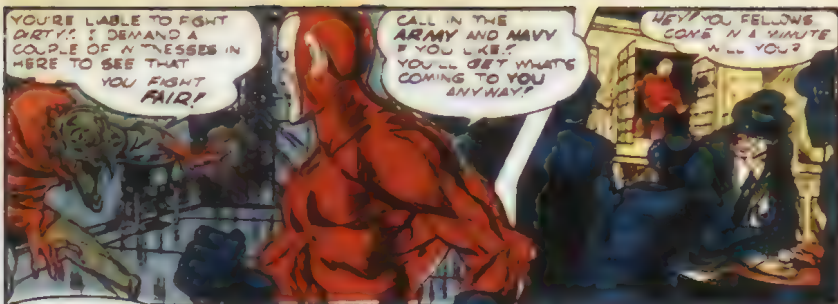
OW!

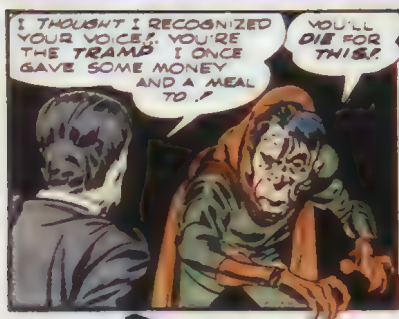
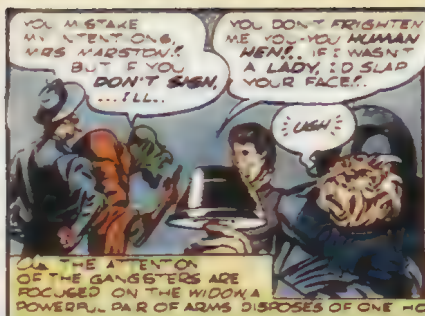
OKAY! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIGHTING CHANCE!



...AND THAT'S MORE OF A CHANCE THAN YOU GAVE DONAVAN AND HIS MEN!.. NOW PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND **FIGHT!**



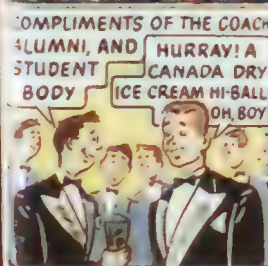
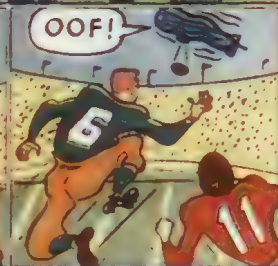






800-THAT-ICE-CREAM
has BEEN TASTED
GOOD!

"SUPER" DUPER ... THE ONE-MAN TEAM



READ HOW TO MAKE A CANADA DRY ICE CREAM HI-BALL!



Here's my secret formula for one of the unassisted drinks ever invented:

Put a month-enduring mountain of vanilla ice cream into a glass and fill with tangy, gingery Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

Good? It's supergood! Come on... try it!

FREE! Genuine man-eating tiger shark's tooth. Just send one Canada Dry bottle cap to Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. P.O. Box 848 Grand Central Ammen, New York, N.Y.



SUPERCHARGED WITH SUPER PEP!

NEW "SPUT" SIZE



GET THE HANDY HOME CARTON COSTS NO MORE THAN "POP"

CANADA DRY

GINGER ALE

ADVENTURER

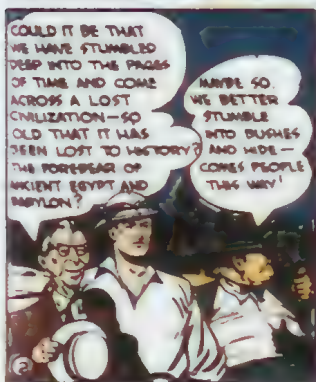
BY JACK LENTI

ALWAYS READY TO PLUNGE INTO THE SWIRLING STREAM OF ADVENTURE, STEVE AND HIS INTREPID AIDE, CHANG, ARE GIRDING THEMSELVES FOR THE MOST REMARKABLE EXPEDITION OF THEIR CAREERS—A TRIP PAST THE CURTAINS OF TIME—INTO THE LONG DEAD AND LITTLE KNOWN PAST.

IN THE LABORATORY
OF DOCTOR BENSON
NOTED SCIENTIST
AND INVENTOR -

— AND HERE, AT LAST,
IS THE MACHINE
I'VE BEEN TELLING
YOU ABOUT, STEVE!





BUT IN A NEARBY TREE, OTHER
EYES WATCH THE CARMAN-PEROCHOEN!

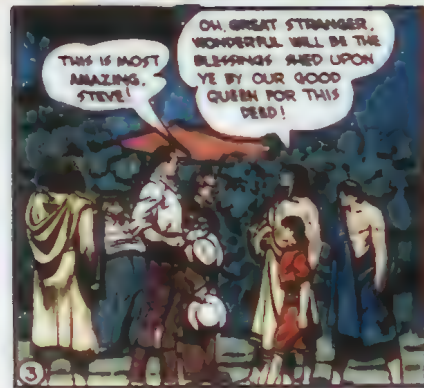


SUDDENLY!



EEYAH! A WILD
BEAST ATTACKS
OUR GOOD QUEEN'S
LITTLE BROTHER!

BUT STEVE'S ADVENTUROUS BLOOD CAN NEVER
WITHSTAND THE CHALLENGE OF THE JUNGLE—
HE DASHES FORTH FROM HIS HIDING PLACE!



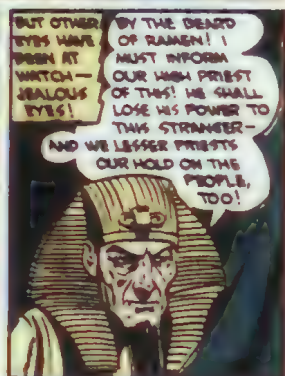
THIS IS MOST
AMAZING,
STEVE!

OH, GREAT STRANGER,
WONDERFUL WILL BE THE
BLESSINGS SHED UPON
YE BY OUR GOOD
QUEEN FOR THIS
DEED!

AND SO STEVE, CHANG AND
DR. BENSON ARE CARRIED TO
THE CITY IN TRIUMPH!

HOZAR! HOZAR!
MAKE WAY FOR
THE MAGICIANS WHO
KILL WITH THUNDER!



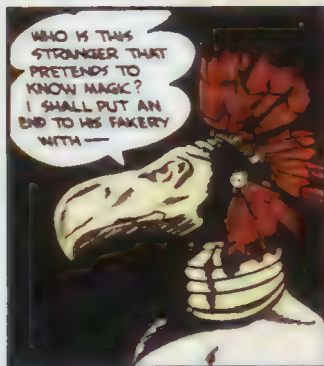


SUDDENLY, A FERCE
APPEARITION APPEARS!

MAKE WAY FOR THE
GREAT RHEK-NISROCH,
HIGH PRIEST OF
RAMEN, GOD OF
FIRE!



WHO IS THIS
STRANGER THAT
PRETENDS TO
KNOW MAGIC?
I SHALL PUT AN
END TO HIS FAKERY
WITH —



—THE SWORD
OF FLAME!



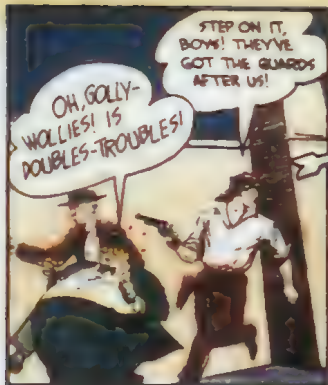
NO! NO! HARM NOT
OUR HIGH PRIEST—
IT MEANS
DEATH!

IT'S ONE OR
THE OTHER OF
US!



BLASPHEMERS!
YOU HAVE INJURED OUR HIGH
PRIEST WITH YOUR THUNDER
MAGIC! AND THAT MEANS
DEATH—DEATH IN THE
FERCE MOUTH OF
RAMEN!





STEP ON IT,
BOYS! THEY'VE
GOT THE GUARDS
AFTER US!

OH, GOLLY-
WOLLIES! IS
DOUBLES-TROUBLES!



I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF,
DOC—YOU GET
THAT TRANSMITTER
WORKING—BUT
QUICK!



HEY, DOC!
WHY DID YOU
LEAD US UP
HERE? THIS
IS THE ALTAR
FOR SACRIFICES!

IT'S THE HIGHEST
SPOT! I NEED
TIME TO WORK THE
TRANSMITTER—YOU
HOLD 'EM OFF!

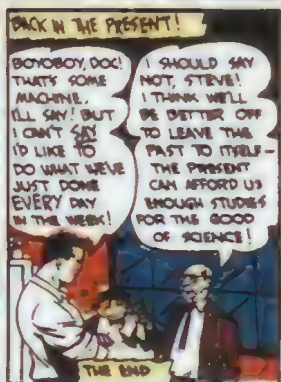


WE HAVE THEM CORNERED!
FORWARD AND PUSH THEM
INTO THE FLAMING MOUTH
OF GREAT RAMEN—
FORWARD!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE
TRANSMITTER WORKS!

EYEAH! THEIR
MAGIC IS TOO
STRONG
FOR US!



BACK IN THE PRESENT!

BOYBOY, DOC!
THAT'S SOME
MACHINE.
I'LL SAY! BUT
I CAN'T SAY
I'D LIKE TO
DO WHAT WE'VE
JUST DONE
EVERY DAY
IN THE WEEK!

I SHOULD SAY
NOT, STEVE!
I THINK WE'LL
BE BETTER OFF
TO LEAVE THE
PAST TO ITSELF—
THE PRESENT
CAN AFFORD US
ENOUGH STUDIES
FOR THE GOOD
OF SCIENCE!

THE END

THE SHINING Knight

MEET THE MAN WHO HAS OUTWITTED WHY OLD FATHER TIME HIMSELF... SHAKE HANDS WITH... **THE SHINING KNIGHT**... IN THIS TALE HE SETS OUT ON A NEW KNIGHTLY QUEST TO MAKE THE WHOLE COUNTRY CONSCIOUS OF THE MARVELS AND ANTIQUES OF OLDEN TIMES... FOR HE MUST BATTLE TO SAVE THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM... MIGHTY TREASURE... CHEST OF THE PAST... BUT... IT'S TIME TO BUCKLE ON OUR ADVENTURING WITH THAT GRAY AND GOLDEN MAIL CLAD CHAMPION... ASTIDE AN INCREDIBLE WINGED STEED... **THE SHINING KNIGHT!**... in the adventure of *the golden quest!*



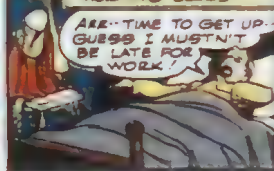
THE DAILY ROUND... HE SHAVES...

DAY AFTER DAY, I MUST CUT OFF THESE WHISKERS! HOW MUCH SIMPLER IT WOULD BE TO GROW A BEARD!

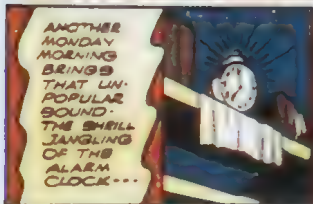


A YOUNG MAN STRETCHES LAZILY YAWNS... HE SUFFERS FROM MONDAY MORNING BLUES...

ARE... TIME TO GET UP... GUESS I MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR WORK!



ANOTHER MONDAY MORNING BRINGS THAT UNPOPULAR SOUND... THE SHRILL JANGLING OF THE ALARM CLOCK...



HE DRESSES HURDLY...
THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME TO
SPARE...

AM--I'D MUCH RATHER
WEAR THIS METAL SUT
INSTEAD!



NEARLY NINE O'CLOCK--AND
HE RUSHES INTO A MUSEUM.
WHY? SIMPLE: HE WORKS
THERE!

FINE
MORNING,
THOMAS!



--BREAKFAST AT THE AUTOMAT--

KING ARTHUR WOULD HAVE
GIVEN HIS BEST PAIR OF
SPURS TO HAVE HAD ONE
OF THESE METAL SERVANTS
SERVE HIS FOOD!



RUSH HOUR ON THE SUBWAY--
PEOPLE JAMMED TOGETHER
LIKE GARDENES INTO A CAN...

GOSH, MY
FEET
ACHE! I
WISH I
HAD A
SEAT!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
RIDING--A TAXI?
THIS IS THE
SEONX EXPRESS.
HONEY!



TAL DAYS FIRST JOB...

HM...THIS ARMOR'S
GETTING RUSTY--
SOON FIX THAT...



LATER, A VISIT TO THE BOSS--
PROFESSOR MORSEBY,
CURATOR OF THE MUNICIPAL
MUSEUM...

JUSTIN, I'VE GOT
BAD NEWS--THEY'RE
FORECLOSING ON THE
MORTGAGE ON THE
MUSEUM--UNLESS
WE CAN RAISE
\$200,000 IN A
MONTH, WE'LL
HAVE TO CLOSE
DOWN.

WE'LL DO
SOMETHING!
WE'LL REVIVE
THEIR
INTEREST--
AND RAISE
THE MONEY
AT THE SAME
TIME!



WE COULD NEVER GET
ONE TENTH OF THE
MONEY ON TIME...
WH--WHERE ARE
YOU GOING??

TO SPEAK TO A
CERTAIN GENTLEMAN
WHO CAN HELP US--
THE SHINING KNIGHT!
IF IT'S GOLD WE NEED--
GOLD WE SHALL GET!!

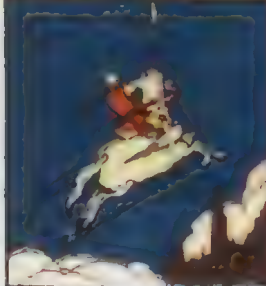


30% JUSTIN--ASSISTANT CURATOR AT
THE MUNICIPAL--IS NONE OTHER THAN
THAT DARING, DAUNTLESS CHAMPION--
THE SHINING KNIGHT!!...

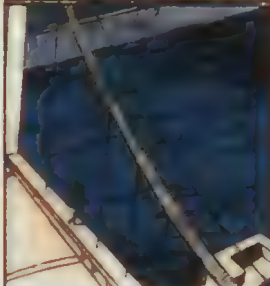
VICTORY, WE'VE RIDDEN INTO MANY A
FIERCE COMBAT--YOU AND I--NOW WE
RIGHT NOT CRIMINALS, BUT THE
VERY PREJUDICES THAT LURK IN
THE HEARTS OF PEOPLE.



OFF INTO THE CLOUDS
THEY CANTER... IN QUEST
OF \$200,000... AND
INTEREST IN PEOPLE'S
HEARTS...

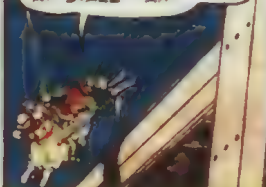


BUT ALREADY FATE SITS NON-
THE GAME, ON THE QUADRO-
BOROUGH BRIDGE A GIRL IS
POISED FOR A LEAP TO
DROWNING DOOM...



...LIKE A STONE SHE DROPS
TOWARD THE WATER... BUT A
WINGED RESCUE PLUNGES
DOWN OUT OF THE SKY...

FLY AS YOU'VE NEVER
BEFORE... WINGED
VICTORY... A HUMAN LIFE IS
AT STAKE... AH!



...AND GRABS HER FROM THE
GLAMMY JAWS OF DEATH...

FOOLISH
GIRL!!
WHY
DID
YOU
DO IT??

I'D MADE UP MY
MIND TO GO ON
THE STAGE... FOR
MONTHS I'VE
TRIED... BUT NO
ONE WAS
INTERESTED



FINALLY I'D SAVED UP TO BUY
A DRESS FOR THE HOLLY-
WOOD BALL AT THE HOTEL
LUXOR TONIGHT... THOUGHT
I MIGHT CATCH THE EYE OF
A TALENT SCOUT... THEN I
LOST MY PURSE... THAT'S
WHY I TRIED TO KILL
MYSELF!!

A DRESS, YOU
SAY? AH... I'VE AN
IDEA I CAN DO
SOMETHING ABOUT
THAT!



THAT NIGHT, A GLITTERING
STREAM OF LUXURY
LIMOUSINES SLIDES UP TO
THE DOORS OF THE LUXOR
HOTEL...



EVENING,
SHE

SUDDENLY, HOOF BEATS THUNDER ON THE
HARD PAVEMENT OF THE THOROUGHFARE...
AND A WINGED STEED CANTERS UP
BESIDE PARKED AUTOMOBILES...

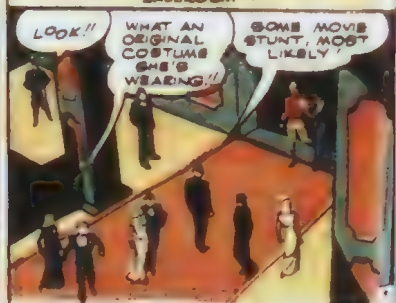


A HORSE...
A WINGED
HORSE!!

IT LOOKS
LIKE THE
SHINING
KNIGHT!!

WONDER WHO HIS
BEAUTIFUL GIRL
FRIEND IS?

SCOOT TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WHO MIGHT
WELL BE CINDERELLA COME TO LIFE, THE
SHINING KNIGHT STRIDES INTO THE
BALLROOM...



LOOK!!

WHAT AN
ORIGINAL
COSTUME
SHE'S
WEARING!!

SOME MOVIE
STUNT, MOST
LIKELY!

AND PRETTY VERA VERNE
BECOMES THE BELLE OF
THE BALL...

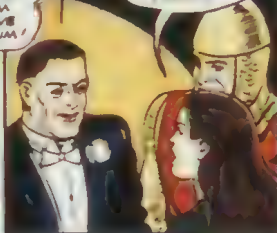
MY DEAR,
WHERE DID
YOU GET
THAT GOWN?
IT'S GORGEOUS!
SIMPLY
GORGEOUS!!

THE GOWN? OH, SE...
IT'S PATTERNED
AFTER A GOWN
FROM KING
ARTHUR'S COURT.
I COPIED THE
STYLE FROM
ONE THEY HAVE
IN THE MUSEUM!

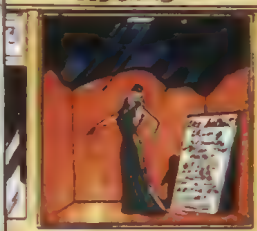


I'M LYLE SEFTON, TALENT
SCOUT FOR MAMMOTH
PICTURING... BE AT MY
OFFICE AT TEN A.M.
TOMORROW FOR A SCREEN
TEST!

MAMMOTH
PICTURES!! OH...
OH... ILL BE
THERE!



VERA'S ANCIENTLY STYLED
DRESS HITS AN UP-TO-THE-
MINUTE NOTE IN DRESS
DESIGNING...



...and SHOP-KEEPERS PAY
ROYALTIES TO THE SHINING
KNIGHT FOR HIS IDEA...

THE SHINING KNIGHT VISITS
THE EDITOR OF THE 'DAILY
BLAZE' AND EXPLAINS HIS
PLAN TO GET THE MUNICIPAL
MUSEUM...

...MY EYE-WITNESS
ACCOUNTS... AND
SO I SUGGEST
THAT EVERY
DAY I TELL
YOUR READERS
OF THE PAST...
AT \$100 A
COLUMN!!

OKAY, MR
KNIGHT--
YOU'RE
WESO! YOU
CAN START
IN RIGHT
AWAY!



...AND IN THE VERY NEXT EDITION
THE 'BLAZE'S' READERS FIND A
STARTLING NEW COLUMN...

introducing...
CORRESPONDENT OF
THE PAST
by THE SHINING KNIGHT

IN MY TIMES, MEN FOUGHT,
AND FOUGHT HARD WITH
DEMONS, MONSTERS,
ORCS, ROBBER--AND
YET WE FOUND TIME FOR
CHIVALRY, FOR COLLECTING
TO THE LADIES, WE IN
THIS AGE COULD DO
WITH SOME OF THAT...

ROSEBUD &
5767 10th

BUT THE COLUMN DOESN'T
GO DOWN SO WITH AMERICA'S
TOUGHEST MAN--CHAMPION-
WRESTLER, BRUCE BOWER...

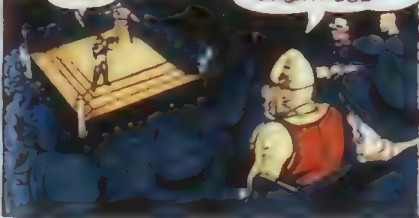
THIS CHIVALRY STUFF IS FOR
SAPS / CREAM PUFFS--
THAT'S WHAT KNIGHTS
WERE! WHY, I COULD BEAT
ANY OF THEM WITH ONE
HAND TIED BEHIND MY
BACK!



NEXT NIGHT, AS EAGER THOUSANDS THROW
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TO WATCH THE
FAMED BRUCE BOWER...

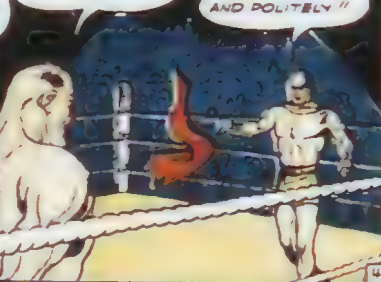
TONIGHT, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, BRUCE
BOWER WILL TAKE
ON ALL COMERS...
\$5,000 TO ANYONE
WHO CAN LICK
HIM!

I CAN USE THAT
BOUNTIFUL SUM! 'TELLY
WILL I GIVE THAT BOAST-
FUL LOU THE WORKS
FOR INSULTING THE
HONORED NAME OF
KNIGHTHOOD



OH, IT'S YOU, EH...
THE POLITE GUY!
OKAY, BUDDY JUST
STRIP OFF THAT
TIN SUIT AND
LEMMIE AT YA!

ALL MY ARMOR WILL
I REMOVE...
EXCEPTING ONLY
MY HELMET--AND
I WILL BASTE
THEE LIGHTLY--
AND POLITELY!!



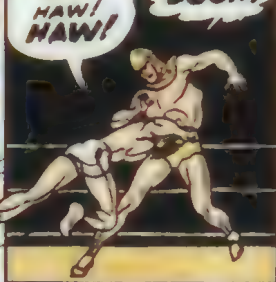
FACE TO FACE STAND
1942'S NUMBER ONE STRONG
MAN AND THE CHAMPION OF
542 A.D...BACH WEARILY
SEEKING AN ADVANTAGE!



SUDDENLY... BOWER'S
BULLET-HEAD CATCHES THE
SHINING KNIGHT AMIDSHIP!!

"PARDON"
HE
HAW!
HAW!

UGGH!!



...A RABBIT PUNCH...VICIOUS...
AGAINST THE EULS!!
SENDS CHIVALEY'S
CHAMPION TOPPLING...

I'LL TEACH
YOU
"CHIVALEY"!
HAW!
HAW!

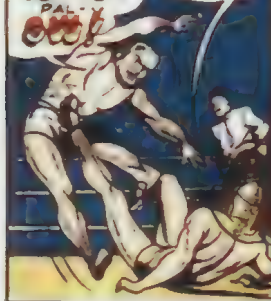
YOU
SWINE!!...
GUSH!



I'M GONNA
POLISH
YOU OFF
RIGHT NOW,
PAL-Y

YOU ARE
MISTAKEN,
PAL!

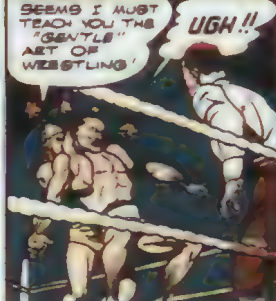
OW!



THE SHINING KNIGHT GOES
TO TOWN! HE EXECUTES A
DEXTEROUS "HALF NELSON"...

SEEMS I MUST
TEACH YOU THE
"GENTLE"
ART OF
WRESTLING!

UGH!!



AND BOWER'S BRAUNY
FRAME CARTWHEELED
THROUGH THE AIR IN THE
FAMED "FLYING MARE"!

EGAD! YOU MAKE WINGED
VICTORY LOOK TO HIS
LAZELS!

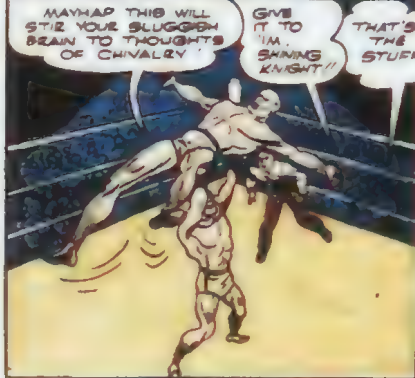
OUCH!!



MAYHAP THIS WILL
STIR YOUR SLOUGH
BRAIN TO THOUGHTS
OF CHIVALEY!

GIVE
IT TO
"I'M
SHINING
KNIGHT!!

THAT'S
THE
STUFF!!



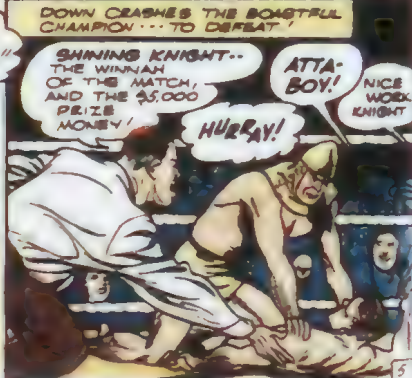
DOWN CRASHES THE BOASTFUL
CHAMPION... TO DEFEAT!

SHINING KNIGHT...
THE WINNAN
OF THE MATCH,
AND THE \$5,000
PRIZE
MONEY!

ATTA-
BOY!

NICE
WORK
KNIGHT

HURRAY!



SPURRED BY THE SHINING KNIGHT'S EXAMPLE... MUSEUM NEW YORK SEES A STRANGE REVOLT OF CHIVALRY!

MADAM... MAY I HELP YOU WITH YOUR PARCELS? THEY LOOK HEAVY!

THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

AND GOOD MANNERS STAY EVEN INTO THE SUBWAYS...

YOU LOOK TIRED! PLEASE DO ME THE HONOR OF ACCEPTING MY SEAT!

GOLLY! A MAN OFFERING A GIRL A SEAT IN THE SUBWAY! THANKS, MISTER!

AT THE MUSEUM, ATTENDANCE BREAKS ALL RECORDS AS THOUSANDS PAY ADMISSION...

YESSER... IMAGINE THEM RESCUING DAMSEL IN DISTRESS, FIGHTING DRAGONS AND EVERYTHING! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO THAT FOR ME!

CHIVALRY PAYS OFF...

HERE IS THE MONEY THAT I WON LAST NIGHT, PROFESSOR... EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS... HOW ARE WE DOING?

NOT TOO BADLY, JUSTIN! WE'VE RAISED NEARLY \$60,000! YOUR COLUMN IS GETTING PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THE MUSEUM AT LAST, BUT WE'VE BARELY TWO WEEKS LEFT... AND HAVE ANOTHER \$150,000 TO RAISE...

ONCE AGAIN, AS THINGS LOOK BLACKEST, FATE STEPS INTO THE BREACH...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO RAISE MONEY! IF ONLY I COULD THINK...

CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS! HUNT NATIONAL BANK ROBBER... PROCEED TO PARK AND FIFTIETH STREETS...

SWIFT MINUTES LATER...

THESE GO THE ROBBER KNAVES... METHINKS I'LL SHOW THEM A THING OR TWO... OR EVEN THREE... AND MAYHAP THIS ADVENTURE WILL NET MORE GOODY CASH FOR THE MUSEUM!

FORGED BY MERLIN'S MAGIC TO SHEAR THROUGH STEEL AND STONE, HIS SWORD SLICES THE ROOF FROM THE GANGSTER'S SEDAN AS THOUGH IT WERE A CARTON-LID!

HELP!

A FLYING HORSE!

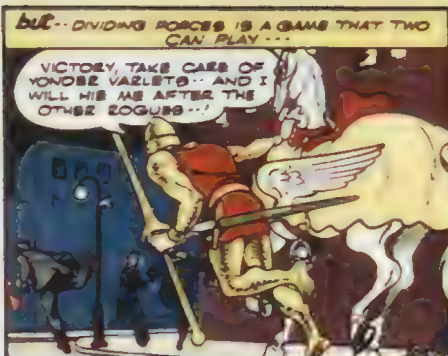
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HOW PALE YOU ARE! PERCHANCE THE FRESH AIR WILL REVIVE YOU!

COME ON, BOYS--SPLIT UP!! QUICK!! THAT WAY THE SHINING KNIGHT CAN'T GET US!

but-- DIVINE FORCES IS A GAME THAT TWO CAN PLAY ...

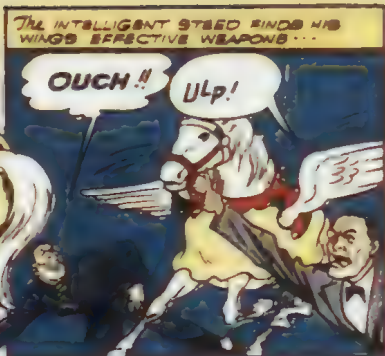
VICTORY, TAKE CARE OF YONORE VARLETO... AND I WILL HIE ME AFTER THE OTHER ROGUES...



THE INTELLIGENT STEED FINDS HIS WINGS EFFECTIVE WEAPONS...

OUCH !!

Ulp!



WILL THE SHINING KNIGHT MAKE GOOD USE OF OTHER WEAPONS ?

NOT SO FAST, MY FRIEND... I WOULD HAVE YOU TRY THE FIT OF THIS TIN OVEZCOAT...

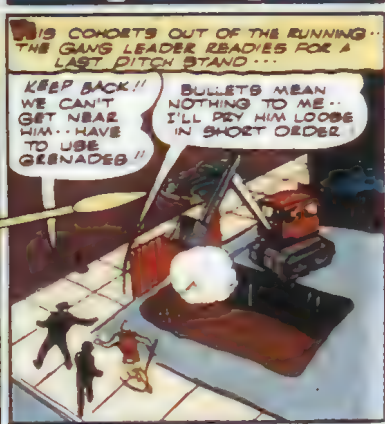
GNGNGN...



HIS CONCERTS OUT OF THE RUNNING... THE GANG LEADER READIES FOR A LAST DITCH STAND ...

KEEP BACK!! WE CAN'T GET NEAR HIM... HAVE TO USE GRENADES !!

BULLETS MEAN NOTHING TO ME... I'LL PRY HIM LOOSE IN SHORT ORDER



MAYBE BULLETS AIN'T NO GOOD BUT THIS'LL FIX HIM FOR GOOD !!

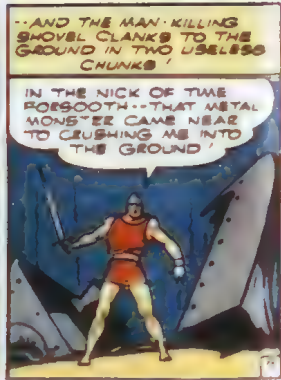


BUT A SWIFT UPSURGE OF HIS SWORD ...



--AND THE MAN-KILLING SHOVEL CLANKS TO THE GROUND IN TWO USELESS CHUNKS !

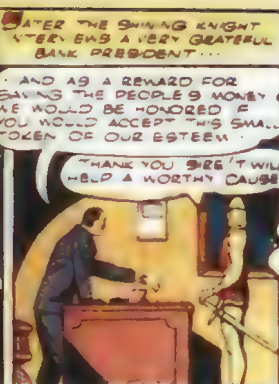
IN THE NICK OF TIME PORSOOTH--THAT METAL MONSTER CAME NEAR TO CRUSHING ME INTO THE GROUND





...AND NOW YOU MUST BE ATTENDED TO

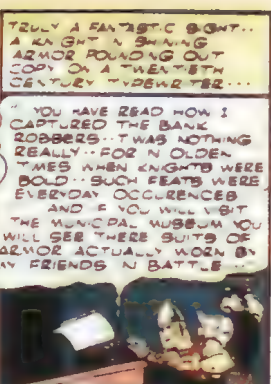
UGGH!



LATER THE SHINING KNIGHT INTERVIEWS A VERY GRATEFUL BANK PRESIDENT...

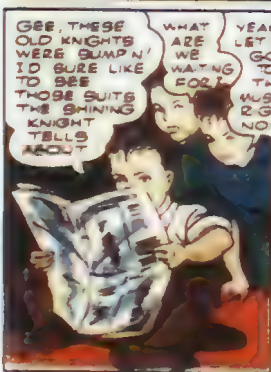
...AND AS A REWARD FOR SAVING THE PEOPLE'S MONEY WE WOULD BE HONORED IF YOU WOULD ACCEPT THIS SMALL TOKEN OF OUR ESTEEM

THANK YOU SURE I'LL HOLD A WORTHY CAUSE



TRULY A FANTASTIC GIFT... A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR POUNDING OUT COPY ON A TWENTIETH CENTURY TYPEWRITER...

"YOU HAVE READ HOW I CAPTURED THE BANK ROBBERS... IT WAS NOTHING REALLY... FOR IN OLDEN TIMES WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD... SUCH FEATS WERE EVERYDAY OCCURRENCES AND IF YOU WILL VISIT THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM YOU WILL SEE THESE SUITS OF ARMOR ACTUALLY WORN BY MY FRIENDS IN BATTLE"



GEE, THESE OLD KNIGHTS WERE GUMPY I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE THOSE SUITS THE SHINING KNIGHT TELLS ABOUT

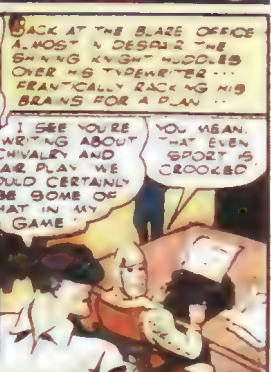
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

YEAH, LET'S GO TO THE MUSEUM RIGHT NOW



ANOTHER TEN THOUSAND THAT'S GRAND MY BOY... AND MORE PEOPLE COME TO THE MUSEUM EVERY DAY BUT IT STILL SNT ENOUGH... AND WE HAVE LESS THAN A WEEK LEFT

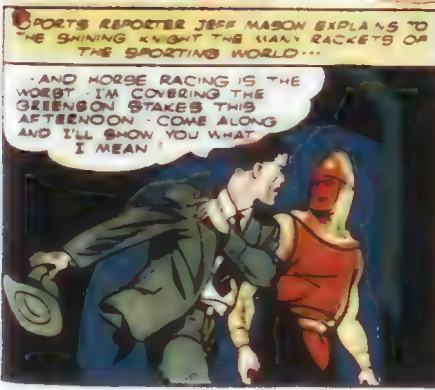
DON'T WORRY WE'LL GET IT



BACK AT THE BLAZE OFFICE A MOST A DESPAIR THE SHINING KNIGHT MUGGLES OVER HIS TYPEWRITER... FRANTICALLY RACKING HIS BRAINS FOR A PLAN...

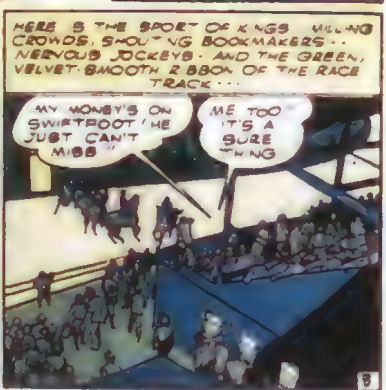
I SEE YOU'RE WRITING ABOUT CHIVALRY AND FAIR PLAY WE COULD CERTAINLY USE SOME OF THAT IN MY GAME

YOU MEAN THAT EVEN SPORT IS CROOKED?



SPORTS REPORTER JEFF MASON EXPLAINS TO THE SHINING KNIGHT THE MANY RACKETS OF THE SPORTING WORLD...

...AND HORSE RACING IS THE WORST I'M COVERING THE GREENSON STAKES THIS AFTERNOON - COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN



HERE'S THE SPOT OF KINGS YELLING CROWDS, SHOUTING BOOKMAKERS... NERVOUS JOCKEYS - AND THE GREEN VELVET-SMOOTH TRACK OF THE RACE TRACK...

MY MONEY'S ON SWIFTROOT HE JUST CAN'T MISS

ME TOO IT'S A SURE THING

BUT IN A GLOOMY CORNER
OF A NEARBY STABLE...

YOU FEED THESE PILLS TO
THE FAVORITE SWIFTFOOT--
AND STICK THIS GOAD UNDER
THE SADDLE OF THE LONG-
SHOT, LEATHERNECK--WE'LL
CLEAN UP A FORTUNE!

SURE THING--AND THE
ODDS ON LEATHERNECK
ARE A HUNDRED TO ONE



BUT OTHER BARS EAVES-
DROP ON THE SHADY
CONVERSATION...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THIS
RACING RACKET'S SO
CROOKED A SNAKE WOULD
LOSE ITS WAY!

HM, SO
I SEE THERE
MUST BE SOME-
THING WE CAN
DO



BUT DAME FORTUNE HAS A
CARD UP HER SLEEVE...

GREASED LIGHTNING HAS
SUFFERED AN INJURY AND
CANNOT RUN--ACCORDING TO
CUSTOM, ONE OTHER
HORSE CAN BE
SUBSTITUTED

JOVE!
THAT'S
OUR
CUE!!



I WANT TO
ENTER A
HORSE--
WINGED VICTORY!
HERE IS
THE
THOUSAND
DOLLAR
ENTRY
FEE

OKAY! YOU'RE THE
FIRST TO APPLY,
SO I ACCEPT THE
ENTRY--YOU'D
BETTER HURRY
THINGS UP--THE
RACE STARTS
IN EXACTLY
THREE
MINUTES!

THEN JEFF MASON PLACES
A CERTAIN BET...

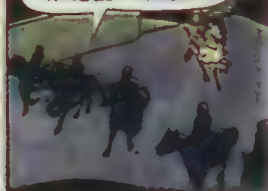
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS
ON WINGED VICTORY--
TO WIN!!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER--
TENSE JOCKEYS AT THE
STARTING GATE SEE

-- THE MOST
FANTASTIC SIGHT IN THE
WHOLE HISTORY OF THE
TURF--A WINGED HORSE
AND A MAIL-CLAD RIDER!

HEY! AM I SEEING THINGS--
OR IS THAT REALLY A
WINGED HORSE?!



BRANT MOMENTS LATER, THE STARTER'S
PISTOL WHIPCRACKS THE SILENCE--
THEY'RE OFF!!



LEATHERNECK IN THE LEAD--AND A
HORSE WITH WINGS ON IS SECOND!
SO HELP ME FOLKS--THE HORSE
HAS WINGS ON!!



DOUL PLAY "THE JOCKEY IN THE RAY OF THE GAMBLERS TRIES TO HALT VICTORY'S RACING STRIDE



BLOODY NOOF BEATS DIM AND DIE AWAY--AS VICTORY'S GANT WINGS BEAT THE AIR---



Q. HALF-TRACK LENGTH AHEAD OF THE FIELD, WINGED VICTORY SWOOPS OVER THE FINISHING LINE



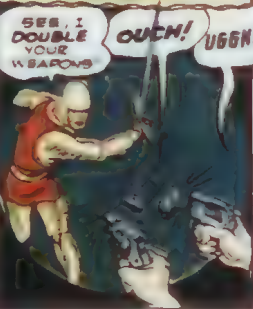
SOMETIME LATER--



I'M A CROOK, AM I?-- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO JOKED THE HORSES-- AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO BE ARRESTED--

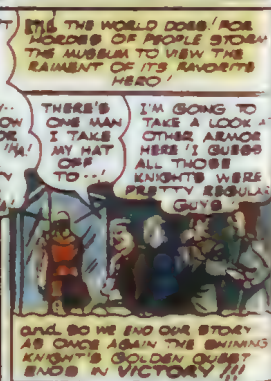
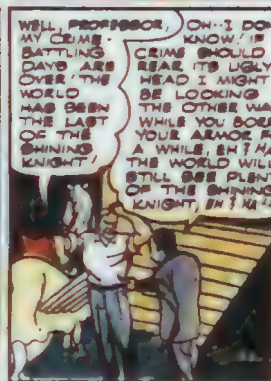
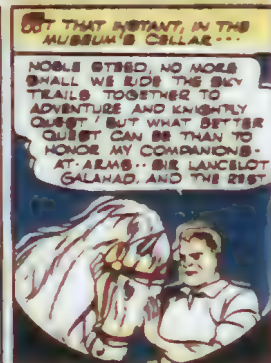
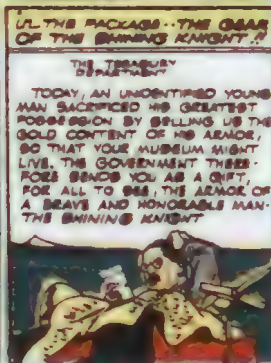
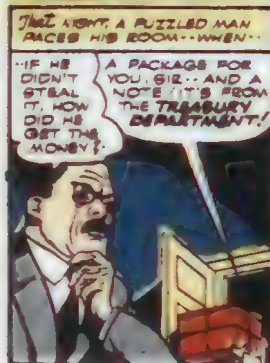
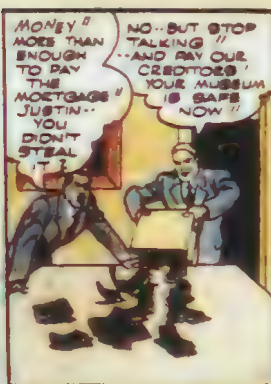
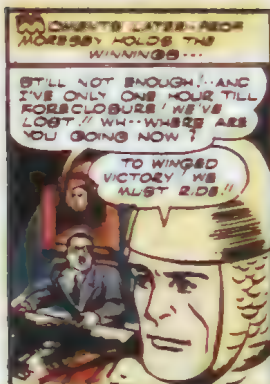


BUT-- LIKE A STREAK OF GOLDEN LIGHTNING--A SWORD ARCS THROUGH THE AIR---



HERE'S LUCK! GN GGN! HELP!





FAMOUS AMERICAN WORDS

THIS WAS THE RALLYING CRY DURING OUR WAR WITH SPAIN. IT WAS PROMPTED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF THE U.S. FLEET SATED BATTLE SHIP "MAINE" WHICH WAS BLOWN UP IN THE HARBOR OF CUBA ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 5, 1898. IN THE LOSS OF 260 OF THE CREW

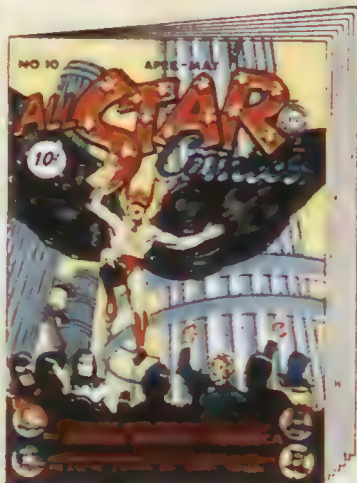
SPAIN WAS BLAMED FOR THE SINKING AND THE WAR BEGAN ON APRIL 9TH



by FRAY

**500 YEARS
INTO THE
FUTURE**
with
**THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
OF
AMERICA!**

**AGAIN
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
APPEARS IN
ANOTHER
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE
STORY!**



**ONCE
AGAIN
THEY FIGHT
GALLANTLY FOR
AMERICA
AND**

Democracy

**BUT THIS
TIME THEY
TRAVEL FAR
INTO THE
FUTURE
TO DO IT!**

**DON'T MISS
-THIS-
TREMENDOUS ISSUE!**

ALL-STAR NO.10 NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

HOUR MAN

and

MINUTE MAN MARTIN

by
BERNARD BAILY

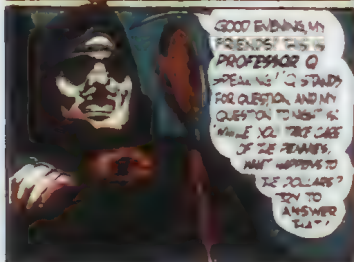


EACH NIGHT A CEAR OF CRIME MOCKS THE PEOPLE OF A GREAT CITY WITH A CRAFTY QUESTION THAT IS ANSWERED NEXT DAY WITH A HORRIBLE CRIME! CRIME CRUSHES THE CITY UNTIL HOURMAN, THE SIXTY MINUTE CRUSADER, APPEARS TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE 'CRIMINAL QUIZ'!!

NINE PM AND THE ZADG STATIONS OF THE CITY ARE BLANKED OUT BY SOME MYSTERIOUS INTERFERENCE



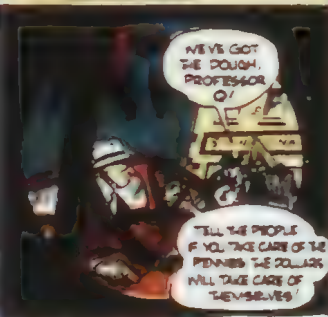
THEN, IN A HIDEAWAY BROADCAST STUDIO A SNEAKY VOICE SPEAKS:



BUT NEXT DAY PROFESSOR Q ANSWERS THE QUESTION HIMSELF.



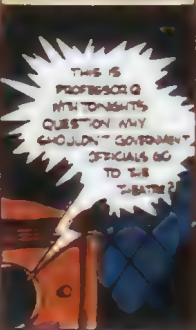
WHILE OUTSIDE, A STILL FIGURE SITS IN A GLARDED CAR...



WE'VE GOT THE DOUGH, PROFESSOR Q!

TELL THE PEOPLE IF YOU TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES, THE DOLLARS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

HEY! NOT ANOTHER QUESTION!



THIS IS PROFESSOR Q WITH TONIGHT'S QUESTION: WHY SHOULDN'T GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS GO TO THE THEATRE?

AGAIN PROFESSOR Q OWNS THE ANSWER! AT THE JACKE THEATRE...



HE'S BEEN SHOT!

THE MAYOR'S BEEN MURDERED!



DAVID WANDERS PRESIDENT OF STRONG HABIT, CONFERS WITH THE POLICE.

GENTLEMEN THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO CRUSH THIS MENACE TO OUR CITY AND RADIO STATION?

WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, MR WANDERS! THIS IS GET TYLER A SCIENTIST - HE'S TRYING TO LOCATE PROFESSOR Q!

IF YOU DON'T GET PROFESSOR Q I SHALL RUN FOR MAYOR MYSELF AND OUST THE LOT OF YOU!!

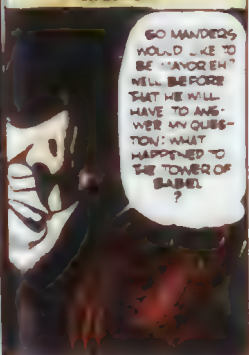


BUT AT RED TYLER'S HOME EXPOSURE TO MIRACLO - THE RAY WHICH FOR ONE HOUR GIVES HIM THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN - BRINGS FORTH HOUR MAN!!

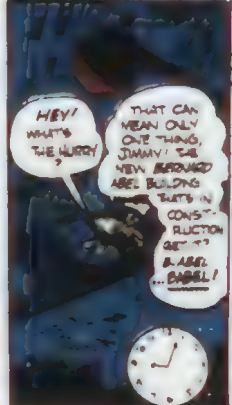
THIS LOOKS LIKE A CASE FOR HOUR MAN!

SHUTS - THESE CODES - THE RADIO AGAIN!

AGAIN, PROFESSOR Q POSES A QUESTION



SO WANDERS WOULD LIKE TO BE "MAYOR" BEFORE THAT WE WILL HAVE TO ANSWER MY QUESTION: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TOWER OF BABEL?



HEY! WHAT'S THE HURRY?

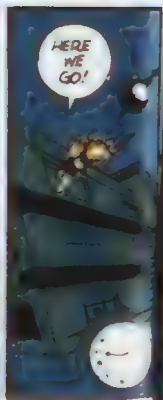
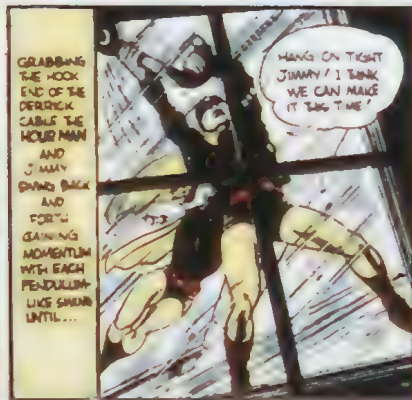
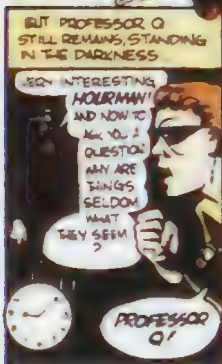
THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING, JIMMY! THE NEW REBORN ABEL BUILDING THAT'S IN CONSTRUCTION GET IT? A-ABEL... B-BABEL!



LOOK AT THE TOWER OF THE ABEL BUILDING

THEY INTEND TO DESTROY THE BUILDING!

I SEE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ORIGINAL TOWER OF BABEL!

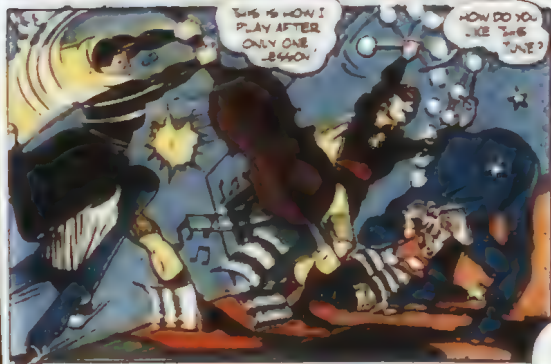


AND THEY CRASH INTO THE 3RD FLOOR OF THE BUILDING.



AS THEY LAND THE VOICE OF PROFESSOR Q SPEAKS FROM THE STUDIO LOUDSPEAKER.

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE RIDE HOURMAN, BECAUSE YOU WON'T GO ANY FURTHER! MY MEN WILL SEE TO THAT!



THE BROADCAST IS IN AN UPROAR



LET'S HEAD FOR THE ESCALATOR!

THE HOURMAN DUST PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE HIRE-INGS



UP THE ESCALATOR FOR THE HOUR-
MAN NOW THE TROOP CLOSE BEHIND.



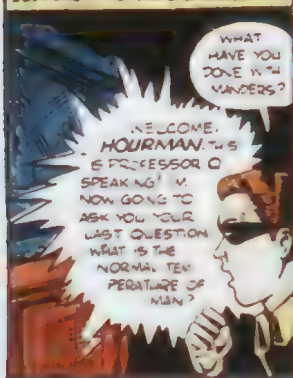
WITH A NGUY LEAVE HOURMAN
REVERSE THE ESCALATOR



ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE RADIO
BUILDING HOURMAN SPEEDS
DOWN THE CORRIDOR



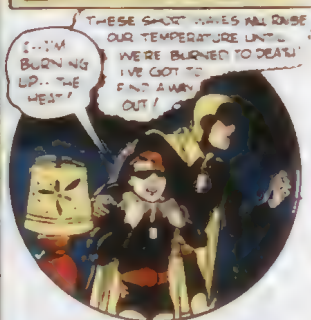
SUDDENLY THE RADIO SPEAKS.

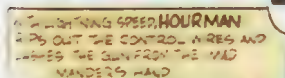
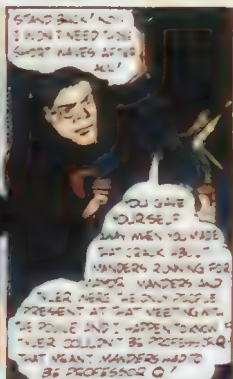
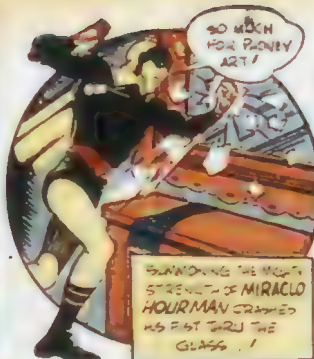


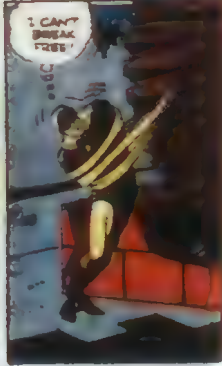
AND THE LIGHTS
BEGIN TO FADE.



MANDER'S OFFICE IS FLOODED WITH
RADIO WAVE SHORT WAVE. EVERYTHING
GLOWS WITH TERRIFIC HEAT!!!

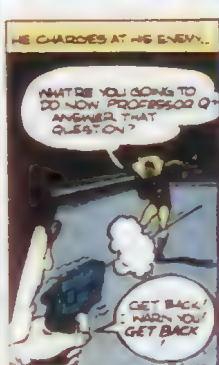
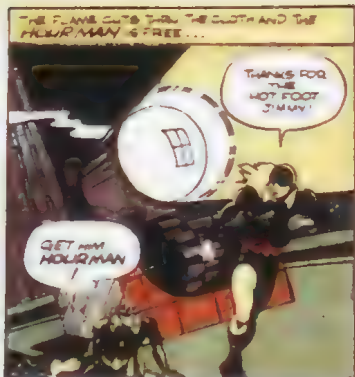
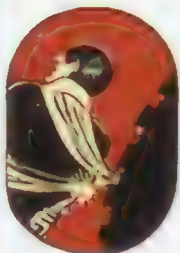








**STEALTHY JIMMY FINDS
A WAY TO FREE
HOURMAN'S CAPE**



**BUT STILL BUNDED BY THE
BEACON GLARE HE MISSES
HIS Foe BY SCANT INCHES AND**



GUNFIGHTER'S TEST

by John Hilton

THROUGH watery blue eyes, the old man, whose name was Gramps Howley, swallowed hard as he struggled for words to avenge the remark Sheriff Timbler had just made. Alongside Gramps, stood his young grandson Willie—really Gramps' great-grandson—and his chin, too, was resolute.

From the Saturday afternoon crowd, cowboys, ranchers, and their wives restrained laughter mingled with the roars of the posse. It was this which had really made Gramps and Willie angry.

At last, Gramps found voice, and when it came, it was harsh and strident.

"You young whippersnapper!" he cried harshly to the impatient Sheriff. "I was fightin' injuns and outlaws in the Badlands when you was a kid in knee britches. Outraged, he sent a Niagara of tobacco juice onto the planks of the board sidewalk. "And mebbe earlier," he added.

The Sheriff's face reddened as the crowd roared its approval of this salvo. Timbler held no personal animosity toward Gramps. But it was an insult to his office to have this old fool and that kid amble up and try to join a posse on the way to capture one of the most dangerous desperadoes in the Southwest.

Holding his anger in check, the Sheriff wheeled, mounted his chestnut bay, then, from the saddle, said:

"Don't take it too hard, Gramps. I'm really thinking of you Black Mike. Is one tough hombre, and that's why I called

for gunfuntin' deputies."

The Sheriff's hand indicated his men, all hard-bitten, lean cowboys and ranchers. "I need young men, Gramps. We don't know where this trail's going to end. And everyone of these boys is a gunslinger." He turned his head. "Come on, boys. Let's get going!"

Gramps' ancient body stiffened. His fingers played nervously with the two old-fashioned .44's, holstered and strapped to his thighs, as the horsemen clattered down the street, swirls of dust following them. He looked down at the insistent tug on his hand. Willie was smiling up at him and saying "It's okay, Gramps. Betcha they never even knew how you wiped out a bunch of Sioux after Little Big Horn."

The crowd had thinned out now, the women picking up their shopping again and their men-folk repairing to the town's saloon. For them the fun was over, but each one hoped the Sheriff would be able to stop the cattle rustling of Black Mike. Two of his men were safe in jail and it was from one of them that the tip on Mike's hideout had come.

The rising tide of anger that had been consuming Gramps was at full level now.

"Young men?" he snorted. "So it's young men Timbler wants." His angry eyes looked toward the jail. "It's a wonder to me they ever captured those two rustlers. Wouldn't have, nuther, 'ceptin' they was drunk." Bolefully, he clumped down the street. "In my day 'twould have taken only one Texas Ranger to pull in the whole gang!"

Gramps fumbled in his pockets for tobacco. "Old man

hmmph . . ." he fumed. Then, discovering he had no tobacco to mitigate his moral indignation, he pulled out a quarter. "Here, Willie boy! You go and get old Gramps a chaw of Sweetwood. And some of them new-fangled peppymints for yourself. I'll meet you at the horses." He patted the boy on the head, watched him run down the street. He was very fond of his grandson. An indulgent smile wrinkled his leathery face.

Well, maybe the Sheriff was right. A man had to get old sometime and put his guns away. It would be nice having a siesta back at the ranch and be rid of these heavy guns. Gramps' blue eyes twinkled. "B'gosh," he told himself. "They never use to feel heavy in the old days. His face lit up at the recollection. He had been the fastest man on the draw in Sabin County.

Lost in reverie, Gramps failed to see the three sweat-lathered horses pounding down Main Street. It was a woman's piercing scream that brought him to reality.

"Willie!" The anguished cry burst from Gramps' leather throat. With a speed surprising in one so old, he leaped on his horse, raced toward the center of the dusty street where one of the horsemen had just run his beast into Willie. The boy had been hurrying over to rejoin his grandfather.

The man, whose horse had struck Willie, reined in his animal. The other two men whipped out guns, held them toward Gramps as he pulled his sorrel to a halt. Gramps swung from the saddle and in liquid motion had Willie in his arms. The boy was only seven.

Angrily, Gramps looked up at the cold-eyed man who was looking at him. Then he stiffened. That cold, hostile face was all too well-known on reward posters.

"Black Mike!" he breathed. His hand stole to his gun. The next instant, an iron hand closed around his wrist. One of the outlaws had dismounted and now was relieving Gramps of his guns.

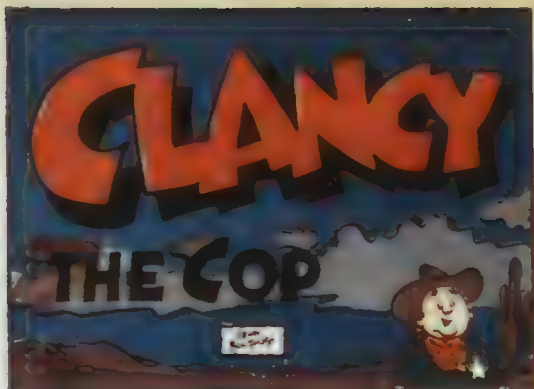
"So that's it!" Black Mike's voice was emotionless. His eyes swept the terrified faces of the onlookers. They quailed before his gaze. Not a man would reach for his guns. Back to Gramps' face darted the lethal eyes. Try to kill me, would you? His voice rose. "Get inside, you old fool, and don't you or none of you others make a move. I'm getting my men out if I have to kill you all."

"You heard the Boss. Get goin'!" The outlaw who had taken Grampa's guns prodded him in the ribs. "Over there." He indicated a feed store next to the jail. "Fast!"

The townspeople scurried for cover as Black Mike fired a volley into the air, then raced toward the jail Gramps, holding the now-conscious but surprised Willie by the hand, hurried into the feed store.

There were a few people inside it, all of them frightened. They knew Elmer Titus, the jail guard, wouldn't put up a scrap. Nor would they; it was different with the Sheriff, he got paid to risk his life.

Grampa stole a look out the door. The outlaw who had taken his guns was standing guard outside the jail. In a few minutes, Black Mike would be out with his pals. In a sudden flash of inspiration, Grampa realized how the Sheriff had been tricked. One of the jailed men had deliberately sent him on a false lead, so that Black Mike could get into town stuffing an oath. Grampa glared at his own guns, less than ten feet away, in back

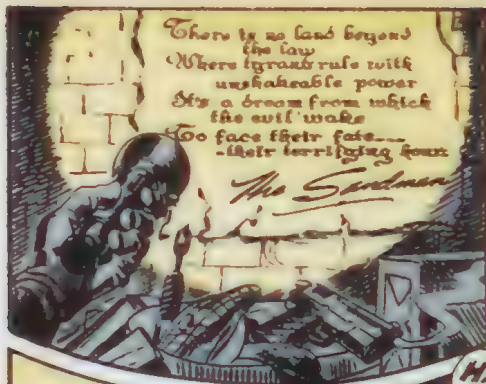


THE SANDMAN



JOB
SIMON
&
JACK
TERRY

INVISIBLE BELLS PEAL'D NOTES
OF DOOM... NOTES WHICH TWISTED
THE LIVES OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY
INTO A SWIRLING MESH OF MADNESS
AND SUICIDE UNTIL THE SANDMAN
AND HIS BOY PAL SANDY STILLED THE
DEADLY CHIMES OF THE
"BELLS OF MADNESS!"



There is no land beyond
the law
Where tyrants rule with
unshakable power
It's a dream from which
the evil wakes
To face their fate—
their terrifying fate

The Sandman



Suddenly,
Wes Dodd
stiffens in horror
and
then
bolts
away
from
the
startled
Sandy
!

HEY,
LOOK
OUT!

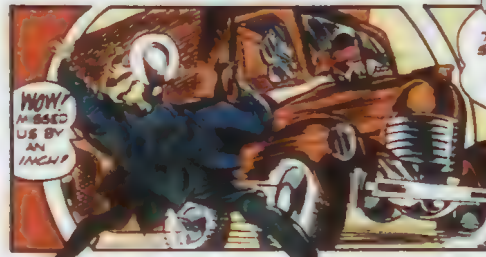


WESLEY DODGE WEALTHY PLAYBOY,
AND HIS LITTLE PAL SANDY HAYNES
TAKE AN AFTERNOON STROLL ALONG
FIFTH AVENUE.

IT'S A GREAT
DAY SANDY!
WHEN I FEEL THAT
AIR?



HONK!
HONK!



WOW!
MISSED
US BY
AN
INCH!

LIFE GETTING
TIRESOMER.
SUICIDE SA
MEGGY
BUSINESS
!!

I WANT
TO DIE!
I WANT
TO DIE!



THE GIRL LIFTS HER PRETTY, BUT FEAR-RIDDEN,
FEATURES TOWARD WES DODGE!

I'M BEWITCHED!
.....
I-I CAN'T
STAND
IT
ANY
LONGER
!!

BEWITCHED
???
???

THOSE BELLS
WON'T STOP
TINKLING!
THEY'RE
DRIVING ME
INSANE!!

LET'S GET
OUT OF
THIS TRAFFIC
AND
TALK
IT
OVER
!!

WES AND SANDY TAKE THE TREMBLING GIRL TO A LITTLE RESTAURANT WHERE THEY TRY THEIR BEST TO CALM HER.

NOW WHAT'S DOING TO HER? PERHAPS WE CAN HELP!

THANK YOU! YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND!

MY NAME IS LOIS MANSFIELD... AND UP TO A SHORT TIME AGO I WAS LIVING A NORMAL, HAPPY EXISTENCE... UNTIL I BEGAN HEARING THE BELLS!

I COULDN'T TELL ANYBODY... THEY'D THINK I WAS INSANE... BUT DAY AFTER DAY I'D KEEP HEARING THE FANTASY TINKLING OF TINY BELLS... IT... IT DROVE ME FRANTIC!

THEN I REMEMBERED MY COUSIN CESSY. SHE HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE A YEAR AGO... NOBODY EVER KNEW WHY... I BEGAN TO WONDER... IF THERE WAS INSANITY IN OUR FAMILY!

PERHAPS SHE HAD HEARD THE BELLS, TOO? PERHAPS THAT WAS WHAT

DROVE HER TO SUICIDE?... AND IT WAS DRIVING ME MAD TOO?... IN FACT IT STILL IS!

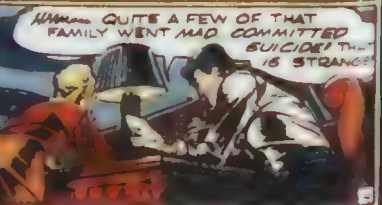
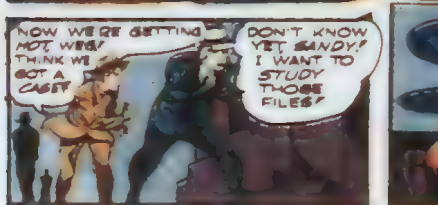
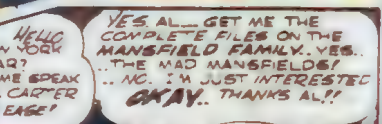
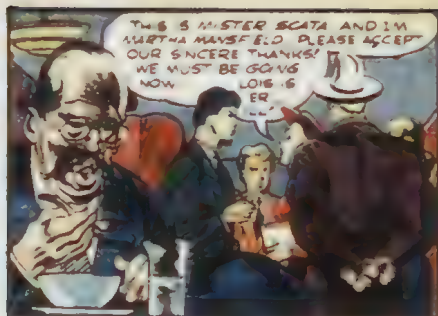
At that moment... TWO PEOPLE MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE RESTAURANT!

THERE SHE IS FRANK!

LOIS! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!

MARTHA, THIS IS WESLEY DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS! MISTER DODDS SAVED MY LIFE THIS AFTER-NOON!

THE FAMOUS GASSIETY PLAYBOY, ENO!



WITH THAT POOR GIRL
LOIS GOING OUT OF HER HEAD
IT SEEMS THAT HER SISTER
MARTHA AND HER BROTHER
ERNEST ARE THE
ONLY
SAFE
ONES LEFT

I THINK I'VE
GOT SOME
THING TO
START ON
KID!

COME ON, BUD?... WE'VE
GOT WORK
TO DO!

I HEAR
YOU
TALKING!

WHERE
ARE WE
HEADING,
SANDMAN?

TO
ADVENTURE
I HOPE!

Meanwhile at
THE MANSFIELD HOME.

LOIS! YOU
MUST STOP
THIS AT
ONCE!

DON'T BE
A FOOL,
MARTHA
LET HER
BE!

I'LL LEAVE YOU
TO MIND YOUR
OWN BUSINESS!

...AND FROM NOW ON
JUST DO AS YOU'RE
TOLD!

YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE THAT,
MARTHA I SORTA
LIKED YOU!

I LIKE
YOUR
NERVE!

TOO GOOD FOR ME,
EVER. WELL, WELL,
SEE HOW COOL
AND HIGH HORSEY
YOU ARE WHEN
THAT TINKLING
MADNESS GETS
YOU LIKE THE
OTHERS IN
YOUR FAMILY!
!!!

SCENE: THE MANSFIELD HOME, TWO MYSTERICUS FIGURES, APPEAR FROM THE SURROUNDING DARKNESS...



THE SOUND OF A SHOT SUDDENLY ECHOES THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR.



THE SANDMAN AND THE GOLDEN-HAired BOY DASH TOWARD THE ORIGIN OF THE SHOT!

I'LL TACKLE THAT BIRD! YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!

GOTCHA!



LET ME GO!! LET ME GO!

SANDMAN... IT'S MARTHA MANSFIELD SHE'S



... SHE'S SHOT HERSELF SANDMAN... AN... AND LEFT A SUICIDE NOTE... SHE HEARD THE TINKLING BELLS!



JUST THEN ANOTHER FIGURE MAKES ITS APPEARANCE IN THE CORRIDOR!

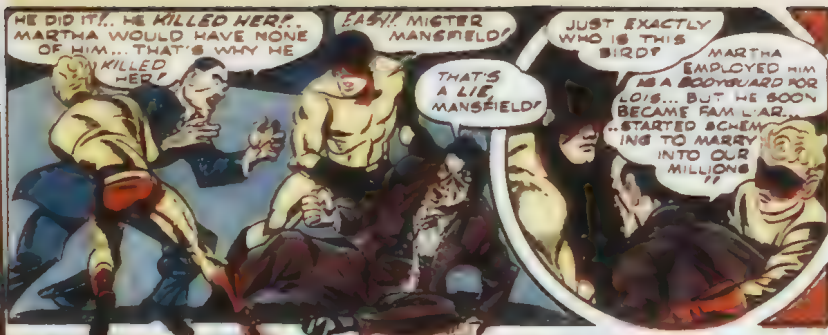
YOU'RE ERNEST MANSFIELD I TAKE IT!



MARTHA! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MARTHA?



I'M VERY SORRY MISTER MANSFIELD Y. YOUR SISTER IS... DEAD!



HE DID IT! HE KILLED HER! MARTHA WOULD HAVE NONE OF HIM... THAT'S WHY HE KILLED HER!

EASY! MISTER MANSFIELD!

THAT'S A LIE, MANSFIELD!

JUST EXACTLY WHO IS THIS BIRD?

MARTHA EMPLOYED HIM AS A BODYGUARD FOR LOIS... BUT HE SOON BECAME FAM L.A.R. ...STARTED SCHEMING TO MARRY INTO OUR MILLIONS!



HE'S LYING!

JUST TONIGHT SHE BEGAN TO HEAR THE BELLS... SHE DIDN'T WANT TO SUFFER LIKE THE REST!

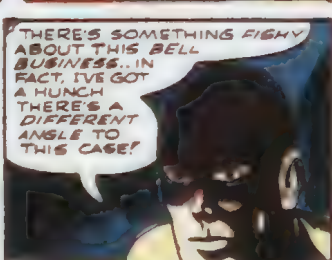


THAT'S WHY SHE BUMPED HERSELF OFF. I KNOW, I TELL YOU? SHE ALWAYS SAID SHE WOULD IF IT GOT HER!!



...AND YOU'RE NEXT YOU LITTLE WEASEL!!

...YOU'LL GO NUTS TOO!!

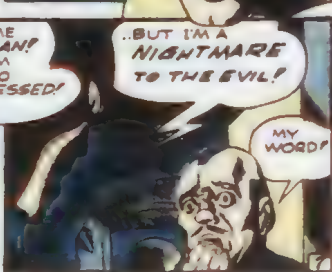


THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS BELL BUSINESS..IN FACT, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A DIFFERENT ANGLE TO THIS CASE!



SEE HERE... I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE BUT I DO HOPE YOU CAN RID MY FAMILY OF THIS CURSE!

MEN CALL ME THE SANDMAN! I'M A DREAM OF HOPE TO THE OPPRESSED!



...BUT I'M A NIGHTMARE TO THE EVIL!

MY WORD!

AS THE SANDMAN TURNS TO
NANSFIELD HIS PRISONER
TEARS LOOSE



OUT OF MY WAY BRAT!
NOBODY'S PINNING
A RAP ON ME!



HES
GETTING
AWAY!



THE DESPERATE
SUSPECT PLUNGES
THROUGH A
WINDOW!



HE MADE IT!
... SWUNG ONTO
THAT TREE LIKE
AN ACROBAT!
I'LL SEE THAT
GUY AGAIN!



YOU OKAY
SANDY?

I'M
COMING
OUT OF
IT NOW
!!



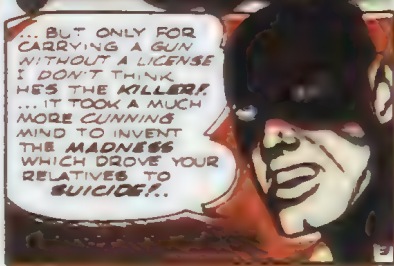
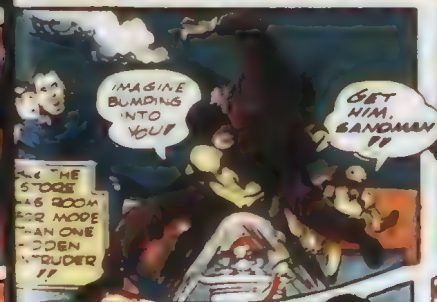
THAT WAS A BAD BREAK!
BUT HE WON'T GO FAR.
... THERE'LL BE A DRAGNET
OUT FOR HIM
SOON!

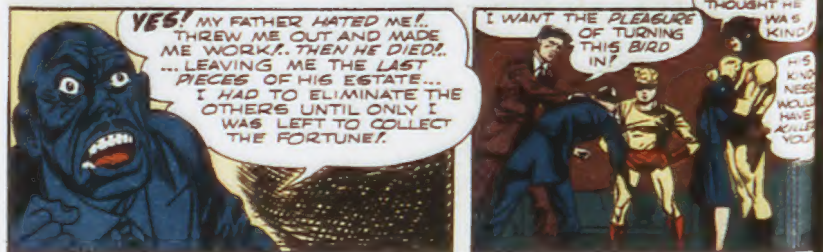


WHOEVER
CAUSED YOU-
SISTER'S DEATH
WILL BE
BROUGHT
TO JUSTICE!



Late
THAT
WEEK
ERNEST
HANSFIELD
TAKES
LOIS
TO HIS
LITTLE
EXCLUSIVE
HAT SHOP
IN
ORDER
TO TAKE
HER MIND
OFF
MARTHA'S
DEATH!







LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

TELL YOUR MOTHER ABOUT THESE NEW *Cookies* *Deliciously Different*

Easy to make with—



Give This BABY RUTH COOKIE RECIPE to Mother

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, or other
shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 Curtiss Baby Ruth bars,
cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until
smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other
ingredients. Chill and drop by half
teaspoonful on greased cookie
sheet. Bake in a moderately hot
oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes.
Make 74 cookies.

Boys! Girls! Here's something you may not know about delicious BABY RUTH Candy . . . it's not only "swell" eating by itself but it ALSO makes the "keenest" tasting cookies that ever melted in your mouth. Here's an idea—tear out and give "Moms" the BABY RUTH COOKIE RECIPE at the left . . . and tell her to bake a batch of BABY RUTH COOKIES for you today. Tell her it's easy . . . and so inexpensive . . .

three cookies cost less than one cent to bake. We predict "Moms" will have a hard time keeping the cookie jar filled once you "Pops" have munched BABY RUTH cookies.

★ **TASTY!**
★ **CHEWY!**
★ **CRUNCHY!**

REMEMBER—BABY RUTH is RICH in DEXTROSE, the sugar your body uses directly for energy, and is the **FIRST** and **ONLY** Candy served the **Dionne QUINTS**.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TELL YOUR MOTHER ABOUT THESE NEW *Cookies* *Deliciously Different*

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1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
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